

# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

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The Key to  
Happiness and Success in over  
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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## Crumbs of Comfort

Manners are minor morals.  
Little things are great to little men.  
Methods are the masters of masters.  
Counsel and criticism require the utmost delicacy.

There is beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Wise men never talk to make time; they talk to save it.

In old age life's shadows are meeting eternity's day.

Wits make opportunities; the want of it gives them.

A mob is the scum that rises upmost when a nation boils.

The sure way to miss success is to miss the opportunity.

The most insignificant people are the most apt to sneer at others.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

A man's venom poisons himself more than those he vents it upon.

Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty; inaccuracy of dishonesty.

Adversity is the diamond dust Heaven polishes its jewels with.

The mind should sometimes be diverted that it may return to better thinking.

Policy consists in serving God in such a manner as not to offend the devil.

The deepest tenderness a woman can show to a man is to help him to do his duty.

Action may not always bring happiness, but there is no happiness without action.

Agriculture not only gives riches to a nation, but the only riches she calls her own.

Money is a bottomless sea in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned.

Afflictions are not sent in vain from the good God who chastens those that He loves.

There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than admiration for the beautiful.

The affections are like lightning—you cannot tell where they will strike till they have fallen.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reason.

Parents wonder why the stream is bitter, when they themselves have poisoned the source.

A man never sees all that his mother has been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it.

The best woman has always something of a man's strength, and the noblest man of a woman's gentleness.

There are four varieties in society—the lovers, the ambitious, the observers and the fools. The fools are the happiest.

This is true philanthropy that buries not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its human hospital in the human heart.

Rear to the skies the ladder of life;  
Each noble deed is a golden round,  
Lifting the soul to a higher ground,  
To be victor-crowned in every strife.  
—H. D. Gould.

## A Few Words by the Editor

THE "Glorious Fourth" of July is with us once again. Parents, watch your children on this day, for remember gunpowder and firecrackers are dangerous things for the little ones to handle. Amid the roar of cannon, the crash of martial music, and the waving of banners, remember the words of the immortal Lincoln: "This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and government of the people, for the people, by the people shall not perish from the earth!" Does our government, and does this nation yet fully attain the ideal Lincoln predicted for it? If not, let us all strive to make that ideal the goal of our national ambition. It will be attained only by hard work, and that eternal vigilance which is ever the price of liberty and independence, and the work must begin in the individual, before it can show its full effect in our institutions and our national life.

The Jamestown fair, though not the greatest Exposition of its kind, which has been held in this country, is still, doubtless the most unique, and most interesting, both from the events it commemorates, and the picturesqueness of its location on the historic James River. It was on May 13th, 1607, that the good ships, Discovery, God Speed, and Susan Constant, of England, sailed thirty miles up the James River and tethered their boats to the trees on its banks. Here the first settlement of the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent took root. A rude log fort was built. It had no sooner been finished than the Algonquin Indians attacked it. One settler was killed and eleven wounded. More ship loads of immigrants arrived from the old country, and the thin settlement spread up the James River. Cold, hunger and pestilence decimated their ranks, while the red skins, under their Chief Powhatan, ravaged the settlement constantly. In the winter of 1609-10, the little community suffered from starvation and pestilence to such an extent, that only sixty out of five hundred survived. In 1619 there were one thousand white persons in Virginia. This number was increased later, by immigration to 3,000, but in three years only 1,200 remained, and most of these were later swept away in the great massacre by the Indians. It was out of these terrible disasters, hardships, bloodshed, and suffering, that English civilization on this continent first came. It had been a century and more since Columbus had first seen the shores of the New World. The Spaniards had a foothold in Florida, while the French were spreading along the banks of the St. Lawrence in Canada, but Jamestown is really the cradle of American civilization, for it was not until 1620, thirteen years later, that the famous landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, took place.

In the church which the settlers built in 1614, John Rolfe and Pocahontas were married. Next to Captain John Smith, who was the leading spirit of the community, and whose magnificent bravery and resourcefulness alone kept the settlers from being wiped out of existence, Rolfe and Pocahontas were the most important figures. The Indian maiden was the friend of the settlers, and saved their leader from death at the hands of her father, Chief Powhatan and his braves. After the marriage of Pocahontas and Rolfe, peace was established, and maintained until 1617, when the good Pocahontas died in England. The last of gold, which the settlers expected to find in abundance, was the magnet which drew most of these adventurous Englishmen to these shores. Gold was not found and some industry was needed to maintain the settlement, and tobacco culture was introduced by John Rolfe. This article became the staple product, and the whole industrial and social life in the South was determined by it. As it required much room for cultivation, large estates naturally resulted. In 1619, twenty negro slaves who had been stolen from Spanish plantations in the West Indies, were brought to Jamestown and sold. This was the beginning of the Afro-American race on this continent. Cheap labor was needed on the tobacco plantations, and the negro fitted into the industrial scheme admirably. The first representative assembly which ever gathered in this country met in the church which had witnessed the wedding of Rolfe and Pocahontas. So political liberty, religion and civilization, all had their birth in Jamestown. Lord Delaware came in 1610, and the first rude church which was then in ruins, was substantially rebuilt by him. A brick church, the ruins of which remain, was begun in 1639, but the location of Jamestown was a bad one, owing to the malarial swamps which exist in its neighborhood. Disastrous fires, too, ravaged the place and finally in 1698 the seat of government was changed to Williamsburg.

Jamestown since then has been but a memory; its ruined tower alone marking the place, which all Americans will ever hold sacred, as it gave us civilization and religion, and was the foundation of those liberties and blessings which we enjoy today.

Your editor would like to impress upon parents the necessity of teaching their children how to behave in regard to the many poor crippled and deformed persons, that are seen on our public streets. Directly a poor hunchback or other afflicted soul enters a street car in one of our cities, all eyes are at once turned to him. In country districts, the deformed have even a harder time. Some children make it a practice to call after them in derision, nicknames that hurt the poor cripple worse than a blow. The writer has seen children following a deformed person for nearly a mile, jeering, calling nicknames, and in more than one case, throwing stones, until the tormentors were driven away and made to desist by physical force. It is the little things of life that make life bearable, or unbearable. In our religion, and our daily conduct we are continually straining at gnats and swallowing camels. We will exhaust ourselves in trying to enforce some trifling rule of conduct on children that does not amount to anything, and permit them to act as veritable little savages in regard to other things. People should remember that the crippled and deformed did not voluntarily assume their misshapen bodies. The poor stunted hunchback, would, if he could, be a lusty giant, with erect bearing, broad shoulders, and a muscular, well-formed body. Nobody knows the mental torture these poor souls suffer. God knows they are heavily handicapped in life's struggle without any extra annoyances from their more fortunate fellows.

low beings. Mothers and fathers, if there are any crippled or deformed persons in your neighborhood, instruct your children never to stare at them, or to be rude to them. Tell them how they ought to thank God they have healthy strong well-formed limbs and have no physical afflictions to bear. Tell them they should endeavor in every possible way to show kindness, and when possible by word and deed, convey sympathy and aid to the unfortunate. The only thing that lifts a man above his fellows is breeding and refinement. When a man has these qualities he is a gentleman; if a woman has them, she is a gentlewoman. These are the true aristocrats of the world. The monarch, and the nobleman and the president of the United States can claim no higher title than gentleman. When the world becomes thoroughly civilized, it will be when all men and women are refined and gentle, that is gentlemen, and gentlewomen. There will be heaven upon this earth as well as in another world when all people are refined and gentle. Christ was the first true gentleman, pattern your children after Him, and teach them to do unto others as they would have others to do to them.

Bachelors are likely to have a hard time of it, if all men have the same views upon celibacy as those held by the Mayor of Detroit, who has served notice that he will permit only married men to hold office in his municipality. The bachelor tax which has been proposed by many of our law makers will never make a confirmed celibate take unto himself a wife. Ten or twenty dollars a year, your bachelor will cheerfully pay, and remain obstinately single, but a very different condition of things will confront him if he finds all avenues of employment closed to single men. In Detroit, we understand, all unmarried candidates for office, are hunting up the eligible ladies of their acquaintance, with a view to matrimony. The man who is not married is only half a man, for not until a man has a wife, home and family, does he entirely fill the highest ideals of manhood and citizenship. The bachelor is a product of our modern civilization, and the way to bring the selfish creature to his senses, is to close all avenues of employment to him, until he takes a wife. This will bring him to reason as nothing else will. Bravo, then for the Mayor of Detroit, and we earnestly trust that every other official in this country will follow his example, until there is not a bachelor of marriageable age in the land.

Your friend,  
Comfort's Editor.

## Current Topics

Andrew Carnegie will extend his gifts, and erect at Berlin, Germany, a library to which his first donation will be \$1,000,000.

Mrs. William Astor, who for many years was the undisputed leader of New York and Newport society, is declared to be dying.

Tablets to three women, Maria Mitchell, Emma Willard and Mary Lyon, were unveiled in the Hall of Fame in New York on Memorial Day.

June 16th was the three hundredth anniversary of the first communion at Jamestown, Va., in 1607. It was generally observed in all Episcopal churches in America.

It is announced that President Hadley of Yale University will go to Berlin next October to fill the Theodore Roosevelt professorship of American History and Institutions at the University of Berlin.

When the crews of the Japanese warships which lately visited New York were allowed shore liberty they had their choice between visiting Grant's tomb or spending the day on the Bowery. They went to the former place.

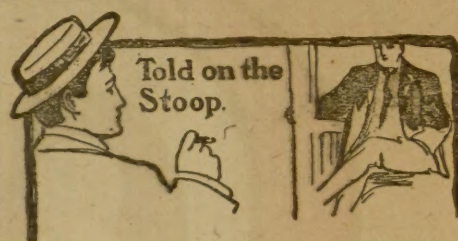
Viscount Aoki, Japanese Ambassador to the United States will be recalled at once and succeeded by Baron Kaneko. Marquis Ito and Viscount Aoki are bitter enemies and it was upon the recommendation of Ito that Aoki will be retired from his diplomatic position at Washington.

It has been stated that Japan will be among the competitors for the Nobel Prize for Literature to be awarded next year. The Empress of Japan is mentioned as one of the candidates. She is said to possess pronounced poetic talent and has contributed largely to the phenomenal use of modern Japan in the literary world.

To Miss Margaret Hanna belongs the distinction of being the only woman attaché present at the Second International Peace Conference to be held at The Hague this summer. Miss Hanna is one of the best stenographers in the Government service. She is well posted on international law and customs and practices.

Mrs. Ida McKinley, widow of the late President McKinley died at Canton, Ohio, May 26th in the 60th year of her life. She was the daughter of James A. Saxton, and was married to Mr. McKinley in 1871. Early in her married life she lost two little children and never recovered from the double grief. For more than a quarter of a century she was an invalid, yet she never allowed her infirmity to interfere with her social duties incident to her husband's career, and after his assassination lived in retirement, her prayer day by day being that she might join him.

To a happy speech he made in the presence of Theodore Roosevelt, Judge U. M. Rose of Little Rock, Ark., owes the signal honor of being selected as one of the United States delegates to the World Peace Congress soon to assemble for the second time at The Hague. The occasion was a luncheon given to the President at Little Rock, when the President made his last visit to the Southwest in 1905. The Arkansan is nearly 80 years old and has been president of the National Bar Association, but never an office-seeker. When the time came to select the delegates to The Hague conference the President wrote with his own hand a letter to Judge Rose asking him if he would accept appointment as a member of the delegation which he did.



## King Cotton

"Cotton is still king," said a man with a Southern accent, "and the land of Dixie is its kingdom. His Royal Highness will celebrate his 300th anniversary at Jamestown, Va., this summer, and he will have a great celebration. In 1800 we produced only 155,500 bales of cotton, and in 1904-5 the crop reached 13,557,000 bales, the banner crop, that of 1905-6 falling to 12 millions and odd. In 1860 we raised 4,669,000 bales with slave labor. The Civil War knocked the crop down one half. After the war it rallied slowly under the conditions, but it rallied and in 1898-9 it was over 11 million bales. Since that time it has never fallen below ten million bales. Manufacturing in the South came on very slowly, as late as 1870 only 80,000 bales being manufactured there, to 770,000 bales in the North. Up to 1890 the North led, by a million or more bales, but in 1904 the South caught up, and since that time each section manufactures about two million bales. So much for the progress of the South in manufacturing, which she did not try to learn for a hundred years after the North had been doing it. We produce three quarters of the cotton crop of the world, and there is no likelihood that any other country will ever approach us on that line. The throne of King Cotton is firmly fixed in Dixie."

## Horse and Horseless

"Last year," said the man with goggles on, "the value of horse-drawn vehicles manufactured in this country amounted to 116 million dollars, while the horseless, or autos, was 100 millions, showing that the auto will put the horse out if it keeps going. The auto is now used in the cities for all kinds of heavy hauling, the government uses it in the mail service, hospitals have auto ambulances, Cleveland, O., has eight autos in its city service and Marion County, Indiana has bought a \$3,000 machine to use in hauling material for road building. In the Northwest the farmers are beginning to use them, and the latest is a car costing as low as \$225 for use by rural mail route carriers. It is estimated that 550,000 autos have been manufactured since 1898, when the auto first got its start, with a value of over a billion dollars. Until a year ago, France led in manufacture, but last year the United States took first place with 60,000 cars as the year's output, to 55,000 for France, England made 28,000, Germany, 22,000, Italy, 19,000, and Belgium, 12,000. In 1901 we made only 314 cars to 23,711 for France, and though we were last to start we are now ahead of all. Bad roads was what held us back. European roads are vastly superior to ours. For example the autoist can ride over fine roads from Madrid to Norway, a distance of 2,600 miles while he can't find a hundred miles of continuous good roads in this whole country. But the auto is bringing us good roads, and if it did no more than that it would be worth all it has cost. No country can be the right kind of a country when it has bad roads. It's like a man with bad blood in his veins. We imported 1,175 cars last year and exported 173, the American car not being as popular with foreigners as theirs are with us, except our small cars. They don't make that kind abroad. An auto has made the fastest time ever done on wheels by any sort of vehicle—one mile in 28 2-5 seconds. Is it any wonder it is getting there so fast?"

## Cheap Living

"One of the real faults of the American who is without means is that he does not know how to live on nothing a week and find himself," said the man who had traveled. "I don't believe in too close economy, but I believe it is safer in the final adjustment than our extravagance among all classes, the poor in proportion to their possessions being worse than the rich, for the rich do save enough to keep the wolf from the door, no matter how much they spend. How many of our moneyless people, our working people, have enough laid by to carry them over a spell of hard times? Not one in a hundred—not one in a thousand, possibly. I don't recommend the style of the French peasants to our American citizens, but they do know how to live behind their incomes. For instance, a peasant with his wife and three children will live on four cents a day. They have a breakfast of bread with a prepared salt fish to spread on it. For dinner, stock fish with vegetable soup or salad. For supper, lentils, beans and other vegetables, with bread always. Most foreigners are great bread eaters. Now and then the peasant indulges in wine at his meal, but water is the chief drink. Meat is very seldom had, but rabbit is sometimes put into the vegetable stew, but only as a luxury. Then they dress poorly, but it is a rare one who hasn't a bank account and is to that extent independent. We do not want a peasant class in America, but we do need more thrift, more eggs in the nest than we eat every day."

## Lumber Consumption

"Most people," said the man with a toothpick in his mouth, "think that weatherboarding, flooring and building material generally are what is consuming our lumber so rapidly. True, they do take a lot of it, but think of the thousands of feet that go into toothpicks like this I am using. Lynn goes to them, and there is not a great deal of Lynn in the woods. Fine ladders take the fir, handles and spokes take the hickory, last-blocks use up the rock-maple, paper pulp uses up millions of feet of spruce and poplar, pencils call for red cedar, spools take white birch, and there is the box trade eating into white pine. In New England alone there are 344 box factories, and last year they used six million feet, nearly all white pine. And it is practically wasted, too, for when the boxes have been used once they usually go for kindling wood. Millions of feet of ash and oak go into barrels and other millions go to other uses in comparatively small quantities to each. Wood seems to be of universal use and the time is rapidly coming when we won't have it. Then we have got to hustle for a substitute. We'll get it, of course, just as man gets everything he goes after, but just what it will be nobody knows yet. We do know though that in fencing, barbed wire has saved millions of feet of wood to be wasted in other directions. Waste is the king evil of our methods of living."









### Points to Remember

- Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.
- Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.
- Mail all letters at least **THREE MONTHS** before the issue for which they are intended.
- Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.
- Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns, of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.
- As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offer of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.
- Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.
- Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.
- Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.
- All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.
- Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home-surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."
- Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### DEAR SISTERS:

Mrs. Ida Rounds. Much as we would like to help you and also others, if you will carefully read above rules which govern these columns you will understand why it is your letter cannot appear.

Mrs. H. E. Field, San Jose, Cal. Send me the pattern of the invalid nightgown, and we will give directions and illustrate in our fancy work department; this will be the best way to benefit a number and also save you much unnecessary work.

Our first letter is from Mrs. N. R. Cole, Chapel Hill, N. C., a new subscriber, who lives in the foothills of N. C., but who is anxious to make herself known. From her letter we quote the following:

"My husband and I are both especially interested in this corner of COMFORT, I am new at housekeeping and I find all the hints valuable. We have one little baby boy seventeen months old. No one knows what pleasure and company a sweet little baby is until they themselves become a mother."

I am interested in chickens and consider the White Plymouth Rocks to be the best layers. We also have our own cows and hogs.

I like the idea that Mrs. Prudence Morast brought to our minds about heading the letters which we write to COMFORT, with some comforting verse from the Bible. But as I forgot it until now, will close with this verse, which I find very helpful: "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord and He will bring it to pass."

I hope many of the COMFORT mothers will respond to this appeal by sending whatever their own babies have outgrown. Letters will also be welcomed as Mrs. Beard is a stranger in a strange place. She says: "I hope some of the sisters will be able to help me just a little, as we are expecting a little newcomer very soon. I have been ill and had a train of misfortunes, making it impossible to get the necessary articles. Anything will be welcomed and appreciated. I cannot promise to return the favor immediately, but will be glad to do so when I can. I am very sad and miserable at times, but try to keep up the best I can for the sake of my family whom I dearly love."

I wonder if many of you know that to chew kernels of corn will cure heart burn.

Thanking you all in advance for any kindness, I remain, a sister in need.

Mrs. T. J. BEARD, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Mrs. O. Grover, Box 67, Bangor, R. F. D., 2, Pa., writes that it is useless for any more of the sisters to write her for plants, at present, as her supply is exhausted. She also requests the invalid who wrote from Trent, Texas, to send a postal, as she was unable to make out the name; others who have received no reply, have failed to hear because they did not inclose a stamp.

This is an important item to remember, sisters, when addressing a stranger, for COMFORT's family is large, and as the letters are liable to rain in, in response to any announcement, it is only fair that each should bear the expense of postage on the reply which is expected. That is, I mean, if you are, of course, if you simply write a sister for the sake of securing a correspondence, then each should pay the postage on their own letters.

Next comes a request from S. D. Can any of the sisters supply the old-fashioned remedy for purifying the blood, which is made of sulphur, syrup and cream of tartar, if so, kindly send direct to Mrs. Rena B. Shaw, Madison, S. D., giving the proper proportions.

Our next writer represents Oregon, and her letter is in part, as follows:

As I live in Oregon and so many want to know about the grand old State, I shall be pleased to tell them of this part of Columbia County. It is about forty-five miles northwest of Portland, two miles of deep water harbor on Columbia river, A. C. R. Railroad, running through the town. The annual output of logs and piling is 65,000,000 feet. Furber's farm lands are cheap. It is a good fruit, dairying and sheep country. We live seventy-two miles from the Columbia river and the town Rainier, which has about 2,000 inhabitants. Those wanting to know more please send writing material and stamp, and I will gladly answer all questions.

I should like to know how to make wax flowers, also crystallized grasses. I make paper flowers to look quite natural.

Mrs. AMY KILBY, Rainier, Ore.

Little Miss Fannie Allison, Troutmans, R. F. D., 1, N. C., writes that she is lonesome and would like to hear from COMFORT readers. She says she is the youngest of ten children of whom four only are living, and adds that her oldest brother, a conductor on the Southern Railroad, was killed by a train at Spartanburg, S. C., Sept.

9, 1905. "Only those who have had loved ones taken in a similar manner know what a shock that was to us. He had railroaded all over the West and was superintendent of a R. R. camp near Mayhill, N. M., and I know was for a time at Cloudercroft, N. M., and Needles, Cal. I would be especially glad to hear from anyone living at the above named places."

From Georgia comes this request, and also a suggestion for making a home-made rug. Mrs. H. says:

"I am not a shut-in or invalid, but I fear that I am rapidly losing my sight, and I had much rather have some other affliction, but we cannot choose, can we, dear patient sufferers? I just want to tell the sisters how I have utilized corn sacks for rugs. First dye some two colors, then cut into strips, eight inches wide, ravel out all excepting a couple of inches in the center. Make the middle of the rug of one color, and use the other for a border, or one can work out an intricate design by working in stars, circles, diamonds or squares. For the foundation use a piece of red ticking, canvas or a sack, cut it the size you wish, then sew one strip on through the center, fold the fringes together, and placing another piece on flat, stitch this through the center, having it as near the first piece as possible. This gives one a thick, durable fringe rug, which will wear and look well."

I have one favor to ask. Will the sisters kindly send me seeds of the most popular variety, which grows in your locality, or any old-fashioned flowers, such as our grandmothers loved? I will try to return all favors.

May God bless our editor and each member of this band, is the wish of your sister, Mrs. E. F. HUTCHINSON, Norristown, R. F. D., 1, Ga.

The next who knocks for admittance is a Texas sister; she comes with a few simple home remedies.

For the mumps take plug tobacco, cut it very fine, and put over the fire with water, a little salt, and thicken with meal. Then place on the swollen parts, and it will give almost immediate relief.

For chapped hands, or lips, or fever sores use a mixture of one part castor-oil and one part camphor.

If baby suffers with colic apply a spice poultice—using care not to have it too hot.

Make little girls' dresses with guimpes, then when the hot weather comes the guimpes can be omitted.

Now I will close by giving my pen picture and asking the sisters to write. I am five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, have dark eyes, reddish brown curly hair and fair complexion. I have been married seven years last January to another one of the best men in the world.

Mrs. M. E. CARLETON, Box 46, Appleby, R. F. D., 1, Texas.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have never written before, but I assure you I have been a constant reader of COMFORT for over a year, and don't see how I could get along without it.

I live on a small farm in Western Ill., four miles from the famous "Father of Waters"; the Mississippi River. Oquawka, our trading place, is situated on the banks of the river. In the summer-time, boats can be seen coming and going every day. The land in this section of the country is very rich, and corn is grown extensively. Cattle raising is also one of the chief occupations.

Mrs. Estelle Poynter. There is some profit in Angora goats. A great many people want them for pets, others for the meat. You must have high netting wire all around their field if you do not want them to kill every tree and shrub on the place. I could tell you more about them, but it will take too much space. For more particulars, write me, inclosing a two-cent stamp. I can certainly tell you something about them, as my father has the care of two hundred. Then too, we have one for a pet. But you should see our trees. A nuisance? I believe you would find poultry a great deal more profitable.

Elizabeth C. Henry. Your poem, "Comfort," was fine.

Mrs. Carrie Atherton. How can you get dirt to stick on cabbages? I should think worms would stay on the underside of the heads.

Winnie Shewmake. I agree with you. I don't see how I could enjoy life in a city.

Mrs. Wm. L. Brown. I wonder what our answer would be if we had our choice between sickness and wealth or poverty and health? I choose the latter.

Miss Jennie Markey and Retta Sweeney. It is hard to believe there are ghosts, yet I have heard of several incidences which were certainly very remarkable.

Mrs. Ida Burris. I, too, love to piece quilts, and I would also like a slip of one of those green roses. Can anyone tell me where I could procure one. I am piecing a quilt now, which I call the monkey-wrench quilt. I will be glad to send anyone a sample block, who will send a two-cent stamp for postage. I would also be pleased to receive letters and souvenir post cards. I will try and answer all. I intend to remember the shut-ins whenever I can.

Miss Edna PETERSON, Biggsville, E. F. D., 2, Ill.

### DEAR SISTERS:

As I have never read any letters from this part of the country, and I would like to see it represented in such an interesting circle, thought I would send in a few lines.

I am a widow. My husband died six years ago, and at times, I, too, feel lonely.

We live on a small farm, about four and one half miles east of Pittsboro, the county seat of Calhoun. This is a fine, well-timbered country, pine, hickory and white oaks abound, besides plenty of other kinds. But it is being rapidly worked up by the sawmills.

A railroad entered the county about two years ago, and is likely to be built on across it. At present, Vardaman is the only railroad station in the county. It is about eight miles south-east of us.

Lillian Rutledge. I quite agree with you in thinking it is not fair for one to pay the postage both ways, except when writing to invalids and shut-ins. You said you were expecting to move to Mississippi. Perhaps you may move near us.

Mrs. E. J. Phillips. I can certainly vouch for your "Earache Remedy." I have never known it to fail.

This is a good farming country, and this year we are hoping for better luck, as the crops of 1906 were considerably damaged by the two weeks' rain, the last of September, and the storm of the 27th.

I hope to hear from some of you.

Mrs. NELLIE WITT, Loyd, Miss.

### DEAR SISTERS:

Won't you let me in? I am living in Olympia, a small city surrounded by forest, overlooking a charming bay with odoriferous mud flats according to the salt tide's eccentric ebb and flow. There is a restful quietness in the streets—although this is our beautiful capitol city.

On seeing a sample copy of COMFORT I was determined to send in my subscription for St. Elmo and COMFORT. I hope no sister has to deny herself as I do to become a subscriber. Our house is built upon piling, the floor sways in places, but we are used to it. My two eldest girls are in the High School. They teach night school after their day's work is done—this is how they maintain themselves and help others. St. Elmo is for them—I read it many years ago in Mississippi, the land of my birth. So far as I have observed, during my eighteen years in this grand and glorious state of Washington, I find the skies are skies, and those on Puget sound are no clearer, bluer or softer than Mississippi. The summer evenings on Puget Sound are long. It never grows really dark, for a clear night. The last glow of the sunset lingers until ten o'clock, after that twilight comes silently

for two or three hours, then dawn steals softly in. There is something in the beautiful, dim silence of the Western forest that is like holiness, nothing to make one afraid, such as poisonous insects, or snakes. Would that all shut-ins could join with me, those from the Atlantic coast, from the sunny South, the cheery North and the glowing East, could see and join in my enthusiasm. There is not much sunshine in Washington during the winter months—but there is much to be thankful for. My health is poor—we are oftentimes told that poverty is sweet, but there is also gall in it, just the same. To lend a hand to a weaker brother, or protect a fallen sister, or feed a little child will bring a greater joy than to conquer all the kingdoms of the earth. I would like to correspond with those who care to hear from me.

Mrs. M. E. OADES, 422 3rd Ave., Olympia, Wash.

Mrs. M. sends this message: "COMFORT is great. Some time ago I asked for a recipe for salting tomatoes. How the letters came in. I tried two of the recipes, Mrs. Charles Woodin's and Mrs. Peter Conrad's. We canned about twenty quarts, they kept and when opened were almost like fresh tomatoes. Thank you all, dear sisters. This year I am going to test some of the other recipes; all were welcome, and I think will prove equally good."

Miss F. MARTIN, New Athens, Ill.

Indianapolis is represented by Mrs. King, a fifty-year-old sister, who is still young at heart and full of love and sympathy for all God's poor.

She says of Indianapolis: "I don't believe any city does more for its poor. In the summer we have a fresh-air mission that does much for the poor sick children. We also have a number of homes of one kind and another for poor unfortunate, this seems good and only right, where there is so much sickness, sorrow and suffering, and is sort of a balance to the numberless beautiful private homes."

"I thoroughly enjoy COMFORT and one reason is because it is doing loving work for the shut-ins. I would be pleased to hear from any of the sisters at any time."

Mrs. Geo. KING, 1309 Nordyke Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana.

From the land of the Sighing Pines comes a letter which contains a few helpful and timely hints.

Sisters, I have plenty of pine needles to stuff my sofa pillows and lots to spare. I don't know what I should do should we move where there were no pines, as I have lived all my life among them. We are surrounded by great pine forests, some of the trees are so tall their tops make ornaments, picture frames and baskets.

I wonder how many of the sisters have to get along without ice. One can very nicely, if they only know how.

For cool drinking water, wrap around a bottle of water an old woolen sleeve or pantaloons leg, or a newspaper, and tie it in place. Soak the covering well and set the bottle in a saucer or bowl of water, or a draft or breeze if you can find one. The porous cover of the bottle will suck up water from the saucer, which should be kept part full, and in a little while the water will be cool.

For a cheap refrigerator, half fill a milk pan with water. Set a flower pot saucer or a soup plate bottom side up, a flat stone, anything heavy enough not to float in the middle of the pan for a floor of your refrigerator above the water level. Set your milk jar, butter, meat, whatever is to be kept cool, on the floor or shelf you have built. Wet a large flower pot and turn it upside down over your provisions. They will keep all right for a day or two.

Butter or anything which easily takes the flavor of its surroundings, should be wrapped in paraffin paper before set into such a refrigerator, or it will get the taste of the city, meat, whatever is to be kept cool, on the floor or shelf you have built. Wet a large flower pot and turn it upside down over your provisions. They will keep all right for a day or two.

Another way to keep butter without ice is to wrap in paper and then completely cover with flour. This method is used by cowboys, I hear, with great success.

I would like to hear from some of the young mothers, as I have two wee ones.

Mrs. M. H. MCKENZIE, Webster Ranch, Yellow Pine, La.

From a new subscriber, a sister of ninety-one comes a most remarkable letter, which I would be glad to give you a red letter day. She writes: "I subscribed for COMFORT because I wanted a certain premium. I thought the paper would be worthless, but now I consider it indispensable. I enjoy every letter and get much valuable advice. St. Elmo is fine, certainly worth far more than the subscription price."

"I do sympathize with the dear shut-ins and afflicted ones. To all such I can only say, put your trust in Jesus, He is able and willing to comfort at all times. Now, dear sisters, will you give me a letter party, Aug. 26. I am letters. I should also be glad of any little remembrances and also bleached muslin squares, twelve by twelve inches, with name and address of sender worked with washable silk, any color preferred."

Mrs. MATTIE GILBERT, Box 22, Marquez, R. F. D., 3, Texas.

### Next Mrs. Victor comes.

I extend my sympathy to all the sufferers. I am sorry there are so many of this band who do not enjoy good health. I will try to remember some of them and do my part, although it may not be much in bringing a ray of sunshine in some darkened life.

Dear Mrs. Don Allen, Elwood, Mo. I think you show a very cheerful spirit indeed. "Tis hard sometimes to say, 'Thy will be done,' but we must. Have you ever tried some of the many cures sent to COMFORT? In January issue Eula Flinn, Mount Pleasant, Texas, sends a simple and easy-to-make remedy.

Arthur Wyatt. I think you must be a fine good girl if you wear a boy's name.

Will Miss Carrie Van Wie, San Francisco, Cal., please write me.

Mrs. T. J. Kinsella, Orienta, Wis. Your recipes for Chocolate Pie and Boiled Iceing in March issue were splendid. I tried them; send others.

I inclose a few hints.

To remove corns bind on a fresh piece of lemon, and in a few days remove and the corn will come out with it.

Anything, no matter how yellow with age may be bleached snowy white by putting it in soap-suds and laying in the sun; continue each day until results are reached. I would be pleased to receive letters from any who care to write. I will answer all.

Mrs. ANNIE VICTOR, 319 N. Maple St., Centuria, Ill.

### Polk-berry for Rheumatism

#### DEAR SISTERS:

While looking over COMFORT I notice that a great number of your large and interesting family suffer from that muscle-racking plague of plagues—rheumatism, and that many request a remedy for same. Down here in Virginia we consider the root of the common Polk-berry plant a sure-cure for any kind of rheumatic trouble in its early stages, and in fact it is able to take a fall out of some of the advanced cases. There are several ways of preparing the root. It should be gathered while the sap is in the plant. The following salve is good for Sciatic Rheumatism:

Boil the roots in about a quart of water until soft enough to crush up with a fork or spoon, cream as you would potatoes, using the water they are boiled in to moisten them, then add a pound or more of pure hog lard and mix thoroughly, place in a vessel and add the rest of the water and boil until all the water has evaporated, when cold use as a salve, rubbing it on the parts affected. This remedy has been tried and found to be what was claimed for it. Another way is to boil the root as mentioned and to thicken the water with corn meal and use same as a poultice, some of the water

being reserved to bathe with and to moisten poultice when dry.

Ginseng, weed and Mullein leaves dried and smoked in a pipe are splendid for Asthma.

H. F. CHURCH, Box 62, Colonial Beach, Va.

### DEAR SISTERS:

I have a little suggestion to make; as we are Germans we have a number of German papers and magazines we could send to shut-ins, if we knew who would enjoy them, so would it not be well to mention one's nationality when making requests. I would like to help a little, but COMFORT is our only English paper.

As some of you have mentioned the trips taken in home seeking, let me tell you briefly of our travels. We sailed from Germany to South America, six weeks on the way, during which time my brother aged three and the baby nine months old, died and were buried at sea. We only stayed in St. Paul, South America, two years, there my twin sister and brother were born, and on the trip from Rio De Janeiro to New York, my twin brother died, making the third to be buried at sea. My twin sister is still living, and I also have another sister from here.

So you see, we, too, have had our sunshine and shadow, dark days and bright, and can readily appreciate the feelings of those who have recently been bereaved. To all such and the dear shut-ins I extend my sympathy, and if any, who are intellectual in German literature will send me a card, I will mail them some reading matter.

Miss ROSA LITKE, Box 77, Munson Station, Pa.

This is a good idea, so in the future, sisters, just remember to mention your native land.

—EDITOR.

### DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON:

I enjoy the letters from our sisters and feel that I must thank them, one and all, for their dear little chats.

I am a Mississippian. Our corn is all planted, oats are nearly knee high, and you should just see my garden! I have been eating turnips, lettuce, radishes and onions for two weeks from it, and it will soon have peas and beans several.

I went fishing yesterday. The river woods are so beautiful, they are Nature's palette whereon she spreads her colors of every imaginable shade. Tall, dark green magnolias form a background against which snowy banks of dog-wood stand out in relief. Every shade of green is to be seen from the most delicate apple green to the glossy purplish green of the pines. Feathery bunches of wild gonyocaulis swing to and fro on their coral stems, perfuming the breeze with their delicious odor. To sit on the mossy bank, with your line going "swish" in the cool water, and watch the ferns wave their graceful fronds on the opposite bank, is a paradise for the "dreamer." How many of you are dreamers? I confess I do a lot of dreaming. I love music, flowers and children, and am a veritable "book-worm."

Mrs. Don Allen. Accept my sympathy. I am so sorry for all who suffer.

Miss Bliss. Did you receive my letter?

I am sending you all some of my choice recipes and hope some will try them.

To the dear shut-ins, who have requested scraps, I will try to mail you all a package. God bless each one of you, and help you to bear your burdens.

I will be glad to hear from all who care to write to this Dixie girl.

Mrs. RUBY PARKER, Sandersville, Miss.

### DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Here I am again—I promised to tell you how the city managed to get along during the trying days after the earthquake and fire of April 18, 1906. I doubt if it will ever be erased from our memories.

The night of April 17 was warm and sultry, no one dreaming that by Wednesday morning the fair city would be a mass of dirt, smoke and confusion. A little after five o'clock P. M. my clock stopped from the shock that seemed to have no special direction; it lasted several seconds, and being so early in the morning, not many people were stirring outdoors, and as I look back I sometimes feel it was a lucky incident, for the loss of life would have been terrible had it happened a few hours later, when working people were on the way to their day's labor.

My present home is in the western part of the city. We suffered out here mostly from the shock, walls and tall chimneys were down, a few houses collapsed, and every place filled with plaster and soot.

Most of my neighbors and I camped for several days on the vacant lots near by, as they offered better protection than home, and half scared to death, not knowing when another shock might come and take the remaining population that were fortunate enough to escape earlier in the day.

I don't how to begin describing the sad scenes; of what happened to those fleeing for safety as the fire started to burn in several parts of the city. The homeless trying to save what they could, everything that had a wheel was out to work, people dragging trunks behind them as express wagons and automobiles were all carrying the wounded as fast as broken streets and debris would permit, all doctors volunteered their services, and every place was turned into a hospital. Everybody seemed willing to help, rich and poor alike dragging baggage from place to place as the fire drove them forward until they finally reached the district around my home. Others camped further out on the beach, all worn out with their exertions.

Friday morning the water front was ablaze, and the wind blew hard from the north, sending sparks and fire high above the smoke, and progress with my faint heart, wondering where or when the brave hearts that were fighting it would get control, when they started to dynamite in hope of saving the city. The fire raged until two hundred and fifty-two blocks laid in ashes, and took all the business district and many of the beautiful residences and hotels along Van Ness Ave.

The water pipes were all broken, shutting off all the supply of water, so we had to trust to reservoirs and private wells in the neighborhood. The people owning the wells were very kind and allowed us to use it as long as it was not wasted. Finally the city sent out its water wagons and supplied the need, but as time went by it wasn't much good for drinking purposes, so we depended mostly on the reservoir in I. O. O. F. Cemetery and the private wells.

When the news of the disaster became known, supplies began to pour into the city as fast as trains could carry the food, taking away all the folks that cared to leave the city free of charge, to their friends in other cities. The city was then divided into districts and relief stations formed with the military soldiers as guards to the supplies. The people stood in line awaiting their turn for whatever was to be given out that day; my district received fresh meat several times a week; ham, bacon or sausage was distributed, tea, coffee, rice, sugar, bread and canned goods on certain days, and as an extra treat, once in awhile milk, eggs and butter. I think our station was the best in the city, for we received such a variety.

As soon as people became reconciled to their loss, their thoughts once more turned to rebuilding, the supply stations were gradually stopped, and the people were hired to clear away the ruins to make way for New San Francisco; almost a year's time has made great progress, considering the damages done, still it will take some time yet, for the eye rests on brick piles, and once flourishing business houses.

The refugees are now in the parks in small shacks of two or three rooms, the city is gradually moving them. Those that can afford to pay \$5 or \$6 a month for the shack will in time own same and must move it off when the time arrives, so the park can be returned to the city as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.)



# The Shadow of a Cross

## A Religious Quarrel and Separation

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfield asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. Theta Rosslyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us," Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his pride battles with the anguish which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

Gene finds his mother waiting for him; she tries to comfort him. He will carry the scar to the grave. He feels all is lost save ambition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy. She knows his weakness. The parting comes; the penny cries, "I didn't know it would be so hard!" Theta Rosslyn hears the cry, and softly says, "God will take care of him."

Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Excelsior, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The legal battle in which he is engaged seems like a hopeless underdog. He will fight until they crush him. The Judge sees young men as able as he caught between the upper and nether millstone, the Trusts, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully. It isn't the Trusts, but the brains which conceive them, the stupendous power summed up in one word, Corcoran. Gene promises to go to the reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law and her daughter, Miss Victoria Moore, of Washington, D. C. He rides out of town and across the open prairie. A horse and its rider come into Warfield's range of vision. There is a misstep and horse and rider fall. Gene rushes to the spot—the rider is unhurt. The horse is badly injured and the woman orders the animal put out of his misery. In the absence of Mrs. Grundy they ought to be introduced, and she presents her card. It is Miss Victoria Moore, Washington, D. C. They ride back to town on Eugene Warfield's horse. In an automobile they see the wife of the president of the Harvester Trust; she is an invalid. Victoria thinks it is something to be the mistress of such a magnificent home. She has heard, he not only is the head of the Trust but has great political influence. Gene admits he has the power to make or ruin a man. Will she see him at the reception? Arriving late, Victoria meets him. She leads him to the deserted East room, to show the new orchid her uncle buys. He knows but little about orchids, only the wildings of his New Hampshire woods, and Gene tells of the beauties of the New England flowers, of his boyhood home, of his early struggle to acquire an education, and of his later dream of power and ambition. Victoria rises from him above the level of the brute. She is covetous of power and longs to sit with the highest of the land. Does he blame her? How can he? As for power, she can't have more than she now has. Does he hear the carriages? She fears tongues will be wagging. Corcoran visits Warfield. If he defies him he will crush him; if he becomes his friend he shall grow great by his power. Does Corcoran take him for a dastard—he can do his worst. Corcoran admires his grit, yet go against him and he will crush him, become his friend and he places him among the highest in the land. He gives him his choice. Warfield yields. Corcoran grasps his hand. Judge Blodgett listens to Warfield's speech, and realizes he is bought. Warfield asks himself will he ever be able to clasp the hand of an honest man again. He goes to Victoria. In his helpless despair she feels a desire to comfort him. Will she be his wife?

Mrs. Warfield receives a letter from Gene. There is something about it which worries her. Mrs. Rosslyn asks for the priest and bids Theta go to walk. She has much to say to him. As Theta stands alone old memories stir within her. By the power of her love she bids Gene come back. She sees him standing in a high place; the figure of a lovely woman is near him. Her hands clutch at her breast and in agony she cries, "My God! He is married!" and she falls in a faint. A long sickness follows, and when she finds her mother sleeping in the churchyard. Gene hopes for a home of his own and pictures it to his wife. Victoria wishes for an apartment house where all is done by trained servants. Can they afford it? He has no income outside of his official salary. He will not touch a penny that does not rightfully belong to him. They return to Washington, and visit the house Victoria determines shall be their home. Gene stops in the library and falls to musing. He sees a picture. A room with softly tinted walls—a woman whose fingers flash white garments, crooning a low soft melody. After a time the picture fades and a child fills the room and a boy climbs on his knee, and he feels the clinging of baby arms. Again the woman croons and the cradle rocks and a baby-girl looks at Gene. Victoria rouses him from his reverie—he hasn't seen half the room. He fails to find a seat.

Four months later and Victoria is surprised by a call from Corcoran. He searches for his ideal and finds it too late. Victoria begs of him not to play with her—he knows what fire is when beyond control. Gene enters unannounced yet with a repugnance toward Corcoran. Victoria leaves the room to discuss business. The months that follow are trying ones. There is borne the cry of a child—a little boy—and Gene looks down with wonder and delight at that old, old mystery—birth.

### CHAPTER IX. (CONTINUED.)

SOMEONE, I forget who, but it was one who knew, who had a capacity for understanding, has designated a baby:

"A tiny feather plucked from the wing of Love and dropped into the sacred lap of Motherhood."

Someone else has called it:

"That Baldheaded Tyrant from No Man's Land."

Gene on his own account added softly under his breath:

"A roseleaf wafted from the shores of Paradise."

In a glow of ecstasy he walked about and viewed him from every point, at last coming close and shaking a forefinger at him.

"You couldn't now, I suppose, call a fellow 'dadda' could you?"

The nurse burst out in laughter.

"What a funny man you are, Mr. Warfield."

It didn't strike Gene that there was anything funny in his remark. At that moment it would not have surprised him in the least could those baby lips have unclosed and given him that magic title "dadda."

As the little eyes opened and stared vacantly up at him Gene made a discovery.

"His eyes are blue," he said, "that ought to please Victoria."

Suddenly the baby puckered up his face and began to cry, and much alarmed, Gene demanded to know the reason for this extraordinary performance.

"He's hungry, that's what's the matter," the nurse replied, laconically.

"Of course, and he wants his mother. We will go at once and see if our gracious queen is ready to receive her youthful subject."

As Gene left the room the nurse looked after him with wily eyes.

"If Mr. Warfield has anything of that sort in mind I'm afraid he will be disappointed. These society women aren't like ordinary mothers. There, precious," to the crying baby, "we won't let you starve." And with a gentleness quite out of keeping with her former words, she soothed the child tenderly.

Very sweet and beautiful looked Victoria, as Gene bent over her and pressed a kiss on her pale cheek.

"Dearest," he said softly, "are you awake?"

She unclosed her eyes and looked up at him, a frown on her brow.

Gene was not to be repulsed by this very unpromising beginning, and possessing himself of her little hand that lay nearest him he softly caressed it, as he said:

"Do you know, dear, that baby has your beautiful blue eyes? Such a lovely little fellow—not a blemish on him. He is crying for you. Shall I bring him?"

She half turned, in her eyes the hard glitter Gene had learned to dread.

"What for?" she demanded.

At her words a heartfelt feeling crept over him. All his hopes for domestic happiness had been based upon the child, and now he felt that those hopes were doomed to be shattered.

It was at this point the other nurse, a sour-faced woman with thin lips saw fit to interfere.

"Mr. Warfield," she said sternly, "if you excite our patient any further you will bring on a fever, and I cannot answer for the consequences. If you have any consideration whatever, you will kindly leave the room."

With a feeling that he was an insensible brute and that Victoria was a much abused woman Gene went away, and after vainly wandering about the splendid rooms he finally returned to the nursery.

As he opened the door the little nurse held up a warning finger.

"Careful, Mr. Warfield, he is going to sleep, but come over here if you want to see him eat."

Thus admonished, Gene tiptoed over to the bassinet, where the baby was lying, blinking sleepily and pulling lustily at a bottle.

"I am assured on one point at any rate," said Gene smiling. "By the rapid rate at which that milk is disappearing I take it he isn't in any immediate danger of starvation."

Then he added in a lower tone: "Such a beautiful child—how could any mother—yes darling," bending lower, "your dadda loves you and your mother will in time." And with a kiss so slight it was like a touch of thistle-down on the tiny head, he turned and softly left the room.

"It was just as I expected," the little nurse looked after him, tears standing in her pretty eyes. "Poor man, how I pity him. And you, dear little helpless baby," the tears overflowing and running down her cheeks, "somebody has got to mother you, and if your own mother won't, I will."

The little notice came out in the morning paper and Gene was congratulated by his colleagues.

Corcoran, sitting in his luxurious library read the news with a shrug of his great shoulders.

"She is beautiful as an angel, or rather as those mythical beings are supposed to be. I can't seem to understand Warfield lately. He still does my bidding, but he does it under protest. If he dares to go back on me—damn these conscientious people anyway—you never know what minute they'll flunk and chase off after their conscience."

In the months that followed Gene tried to arrive at a better understanding with his wife, but finally gave up in despair letting her go whither she would, and took to spending all his spare hours in the nursery, finding there the one little oasis of joy in the dreary desert of his domestic life.

He never forgot the first time his baby smiled at him. There is something so fetching about a baby's smile, even the most callous heart finds it hard to resist, and Gene in his heart wished that Victoria might have been present that she, too, might have felt that softening influence.

The little rosy-cheeked nurse had been retained, and under her loving care he grew and thrived till Gene laughingly declared that like Bashan of old he "waxed fat and kicked."

Victoria rarely came near the nursery except for the purpose of giving some peremptory order and at these times her presence never failed to introduce a disturbing element.

It was after one of these rare visitations that Gene entered to find the nurse in tears and the baby screaming with all the force of his little lungs.

Gene demanded the cause and the nurse gulping back the tears came out with the story.

"Baby has been suffering with colic," she said, "and Mrs. Warfield was disturbed by its crying and ordered me to give it laudanum. I told her I wouldn't without the doctor's orders and she said I'd have to. I fired up at that and was saucy to her," she said, sobbing, "and she told me to pack my things and get out."

"Well, I wouldn't cry if I were you," said Gene. "I know you are doing the very best you can for baby, and I am going now to ask Mrs. Warfield to reverse her decision. I'm sorry, though, that you were saucy to her."

The nurse dashed away her tears with a defiant toss of her head:

"Well, I'm not, Mr. Warfield. I haven't said anything about it to you, but this isn't the first time she has been in here bossing me around and making me do things that aren't good for baby. It's only because I've grown so fond of the darling that I've staid this long. I'm glad he isn't old enough to miss me any. If I thought he would wake up in the night and stretch out his little arms in the darkness and cry because he couldn't find me,

it would break me into little pieces." And she burst out sobbing afresh.

Gene did not wait to hear any more, but went straight to his wife's room, a tense, drawn look on his face.

Victoria was inditing something at her escritoire, but she pushed the paper hastily into a drawer and turned, a flush on her face, and a reckless light in her eyes as Gene entered, noisily stumbling over the head of a tiger-skin rug.

### CHAPTER X.

#### ALONE WITH BABY.

"Victoria, I have come to ask you to retain that little nurse. Baby is thriving under her care, and I'm afraid a change of nurses at this time may be detrimental to him."

She burst out angrily:

"I will not keep that saucy minx a minute longer. She actually told me she knew more about the management of babies than I did—I—his own mother. She is spoiling the child, and by all the rules of modern child culture, cuddling is the very worst thing that could happen to a baby."

"Then, dear," said Gene smiling, "I'm afraid I'll have to plead guilty to cuddling him, too. And do you know when I was holding him the other night he spoke a word, the first he has uttered, and that word was 'mamma'—the sweetest word in the world. I was disappointed, for I confess I wanted him to say 'dadda', but I'm sure if you had been there, Victoria, you would have loved him. Won't you try the cuddling process for a little while and see if it isn't the most enjoyable thing in all the world?" Gene paused looking at her pleadingly.

Was there for a perceptible instant a sign of softening on Victoria's face? If so, it vanished as she caught sight of a name written on a tiny corner of paper that was sticking into the face of the drawer, and a fierce look came into her face as she turned back to her husband.

"It isn't to cuddle baby you go there," she said coarsely. "Do you think I am blind, Warfield? You are flirting with that little nurse—that's why you go there."

"Victoria!" Gene uttered, but the one word, yet the pain of his tone would have melted a heart of stone. Attempting no justification—his conduct needed none—and fearing one of those wordy outbursts which had become all too common of late, Gene left the room. On his return several hours later he found the little nurse gone, and the sour-faced woman who had attended Victoria in her illness installed in her place.

This was the hour at which Gene and his boy usually had their romps, and could Victoria have looked in at these times she might have had good cause to be scandalized at the lack of modern methods employed, yet they formed a pleasing group—the rosy, laughing baby lying on a bearskin rug in front of the fire, and Gene on his knees beside him playing peek-a-boo behind the shelter of a fire screen.

Contrary to his expectation Gene found the child asleep. It was breathing heavily, and there was a strange pinched look about the little lips. He, however, noticed nothing unusual, and as the nurse gave him no encouragement to remain, he turned away heart-sick, feeling that the last refuge had been denied him.

From that hour the little one began to droop. At such times as Warfield had leisure to visit the nursery it happened that he could rarely find the child awake. At first the change was so gradual he scarcely noticed it, but when at length the painful truth broke upon him, and he could no longer disguise from himself the fact that baby was slowly but surely pining away, it came upon him with the suddenness of a blow.

He consulted physician after physician, but to no avail. Something seemed to be slowly sapping its vitality and within a few months, from being a happy prattling baby, it faded into a sunken, piteous, appealing infant.

At the close of the Congressional session the Warfields spent the summer at a fashionable watering-place where Victoria was the cynosure of all eyes, the most admired woman in all the gay assemblage.

Corcoran was there also. He seemed to have abandoned all things else in his pursuit of Victoria, leaving political affairs to the control of his henchman in the West.

Society looked on and shrugged its shoulders.

"What does it matter?" it said. "We have our own affairs, love and otherwise to attend to."

Gene was wholly unconscious of the whispered innuendoes concerning his wife and the boss, and caring little for society he devoted his time wholly to the welfare of his child. A pitiful sight, the strong man, walking up and down in the morning sunlight with the wailing infant in his arms, and people passing by stopped for a second look at the earnest deep-set gray eyes, the clean-cut firm jaw, and the tender mobile lips, with their apparent blend of austerity and underlying romance.

Although he was wholly unaware of any change within himself, a new man was awakening. His baby's hands frail and weak though they might be, were plucking down the altar of worldliness and the idol Warfield had erected there, Ambition, was tottering to its fall.

He had no belief in prayer; he had felt for years that all the prayers ever uttered could not make one raindrop fall the less or more, yet now as he looked into the tiny face growing more wan and transparent day by day, a deep sorrow took possession of him, and he would stretch out his hands and plead for strength, for assistance. The first time the thought came to him to do this he was out in the open air. The baby was lying on his breast, and the deathlike look on its tiny face tugged hard at his heart. A thrush was singing in the bushes, and the sound of bees

was in the air as he prayed in a low soft voice with a little break in it:

"If it must be, give me strength to bear it."

It was a rainy night several days after the return of the family to Washington, and Victoria, who had been kept indoors by a slight indisposition, was annoyed almost to the point of distraction by the incessant wailing of the infant. At length, she opened the door of her room, which adjoined, and eagerly demanded of the nurse:

"Can't you stop that noise? I tell you, give him a dose of laudanum at once."

The nurse turned about from stirring something over a gas flame, and replied gravely:

"Mr. Warfield gave strict orders that no more laudanum was to be administered."

"Who cares what he says? Do as I tell you—get the bottle—quick."

"There isn't any," said the nurse, trying to gain time by temporizing. But Victoria was not to be turned from her purpose.

"There is some on my dressing-table—no—wait—you stupid—I'll get it myself." And leaving the room she presently returned bearing the bottle in her hand.

Fearing to disobey, the nurse produced the spoon.

Victoria, with nerves strung to their highest tension, poured out a liberal dose of the narcotic, and bending over the child, attempted to place the spoon in its mouth, but at the first taste of the liquid it closed its lips and refused to swallow, the spoon being forced out of the mother's hand.

"Mamma, mamma," gasped the little one. This word, born perhaps of some dimly felt in its infant soul, was the only one it had ever uttered, but angered beyond endurance by its resistance, Victoria in a sudden access of fury, lifted her hand to strike the helpless little one.

But the blow did not fall, and the cruel hand upraised to strike was seized in a firm grasp, and she found herself whirled completely around.

"What is this?" cried Gene, snatching the bottle from her hand, then reading the label he dashed it to the floor, where it broke, filling the air with a sickening odor.

"You devil!" she shrieked, and freeing herself with a sudden movement Victoria struck him full upon the mouth, the diamond on her finger cutting a gash in his lip. It was not until she saw the blood trickling down upon his white shirt that she realized what she had done, then flinging herself on a couch she burst into a passion of angry sobs.

In dumb-stricken silence Gene gathered the wailing infant to his breast and without a word or glance at his wife passed out of the room to his study.

"Mamma, mamma," wailed the baby.

"No, darling," he said sadly, "you have no mamma—there is nobody but dadda." Then gently, tenderly, he soothed it until the wailing ceased and it sank into repose. Pillowing the little head on his shoulder he became conscious of the cut on his lip as he saw a stain of blood on his baby's robe. Staying it with the handkerchief he drew a chair in front of his desk. A pile of unopened letters lay there, and searching through these a light came into his sad eyes as he caught sight of a well-known chirography.

"From mother," he thought, "a letter from her is like a breath from the hills."

"My DEAR SON:

We are all very anxious to know how the baby is progressing, so hasten to reply to yours which reached me this afternoon. On the way home from the village I stopped to see old Mrs. Warren and she seemed very pleased at the mention you made of her, said she didn't suppose you would have remembered an old lady like her now that you have become such a great man!"

Gene stopped to wipe away the blood that was dripping down his chin.

"If she could see me now, would she think me a great man?" he thought bitterly.

"And liddle," the letter went on, "she came out with that story of how you helped her boy—he died with consumption a week ago, poor fellow—how you helped him out of that scrape he got into at school. You never told me about that, Gene. You hid your light under a bushel, and your mother never found out half your good deeds till after you went away. Still, Gene, she never will call you a great man, no matter what others call you, so long as she hears of your supporting such bills as have passed the House of Representatives this year."

An exclamation of self breathing broke from him:

"You are right, you honest little mother. Your son is not great—he is a damnable scoundrel."

Somewhere in the distance a door slammed. "Victoria has stopped crying," he thought, then went on with the reading:

"A good many of the old people have died lately. Mrs. Elwell has got a new boy. As this makes the sixth the father is not unduly elated. Your Uncle John is well. He says tell you he raised three hundred bushels of oats and they sold for seventy cents a bushel. He is vastly proud of his herd of Holsteins which took the first prize at the Cattle Fair this year. He gave Theta her choice of the yearlings last year, and she picked out the best one in the lot. He said it was a shame as he wanted to keep that one for himself, but I noticed he took more care of it than any of the rest and was real tickled when it won the blue ribbon. He said that heifer and Theta were good matches, meaning I suppose, that both were blue ribbon girls. Those two are sitting over there by the fire now. Uncle John is eating apples. He says about nine every night before he goes to bed, says they make him sleep better. He claims his eyesight is falling him, which is just a pretence to get Theta to read to him. He loves the sound of her sweet, low voice as much as I do. She is reading Ingersoll's beautiful Oration at his brother's grave."

He paused in sheer astonishment.

"Theta reading Ingersoll—can it be possible?" he thought. "But I might have known the constant association with one as broad minded as Uncle John—" he picked up the letter and went on:

"I am afraid, Gene, that Uncle John is spoiling Theta the same as he spoiled you. The old ways seem best to me, and I don't wish to have Theta changed. Do you know, my boy, I am frightened nearly to death for fear I shall lose the dear girl. After you went away, she came into my lonely life and filled it with joy. She didn't take your place—no one could do that—but she filled what was equally good, a daughter's place. There is a young doctor who has lately come to town—I forget whether I told you old Doctor Deane is dead—and he comes up here too often to suit me. Not that Theta treats him with more than simple friendliness as yet, but it is plain to be seen he is very much

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



# JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nerol Stop. I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named One takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When he goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. They arrive at Hill's Tavern. The landlord is curious as to his visitor's name. He may call him by the name of Squire Parkhurst, and he inquires about the chief circumstances, and he inquires about the chief circumstances. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard, Squire Parkhurst, and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst riding together.

Mehitable Higgins lives at Squire Parkhurst's, and at thirty-seven is unmarried, and unwilling to admit the years. Jerry Blue annoys Mehitable.

Jerry Blue takes a gun to shoot deer. Dick Clarke inquires of the landlord the way to Squire Parkhurst's. As he walks along there is the discharge of a gun, the bullet of which lodges in his hat. Jerry mistakes him for a deer. Dick Clarke asks the boy to conduct him to Squire Parkhurst's. Jerry tries to conceal the gun, but Mehitable meets him. Jerry relates his adventures and reckons he is in search of a wife. Dick Clarke meets Squire Parkhurst, and tells him he is a lawyer by profession. Though Squire Parkhurst lives in the wilderness, Dick Clarke knows he was born to wealth. Inheriting fifty thousand dollars from his father, his investments fail and he leaves New York. His daughter takes the change more kindly than he. Mr. Parkhurst is anxious and ready to hear anything he may have to say. Dick Clarke promises nothing he cannot perform.

Dick Clarke buys, at auction, an antique desk belonging to Squire Parkhurst's father. He discovers a hidden drawer, containing a paper, which tells the place of concealment of a large fortune left by Squire Parkhurst's father. Dick Clarke thinks the finder should receive some reward and seeks the hand of Mabel Parkhurst. Her father yields so much that he agrees to give him the marriage portion, ten thousand dollars. Dick Clarke refuses the sum, without Mabel for his bride. He knows where the money is concealed. Jerry's opinion of Dick Clarke is not favorable; he thinks he has seen him before at Dan Cass's, or the poorhouse. Jerry starts fishing; he meets Henry Davenport who inquires for Mabel. He finds her near the wilderness home. He declares his love, and steals the first kiss. Jerry, perched on one of the upper branches, witnesses all.

Henry and Mabel agree to make their love known to their parents. Mabel asks to see her father alone. Mehitable's curiosity is aroused. Mr. Parkhurst makes known to Mabel the object of Dick Clarke's visit, and she tells of her love for Henry Davenport. If she marries Henry Davenport he may never recover his property. Mabel insists he be given what her father intends for her, and not ask her to surrender all the happiness of her life to this man's keeping. She loves Henry Davenport, as for this man she only does not love, but she believes she begins to hate him. She will see him herself, and beseech him to take from her the hard choice of sacrificing herself and bringing unhappiness to her father. Mabel calls. The condition of restoring her father's property relates to her, and it is impossible for her father to comply with it. Her heart is won by Henry Davenport. She urges Dick Clarke to accept a part of the money, it is in his power to place in her father's hands. It's a proposition he cannot consider. Mabel bids him good morning. Clarke admires her pride.

Long Arrow, an Indian, has a daughter Waurega, who must be the wife of one brave and skillful. The formidable rival is Indian John. Okanoga is the favored suitor. Indian John yields to temptation and becomes unconscious from drink. The rivals gather and Okanoga gains the coveted prize, and leads Waurega to his wigwam. Another scene is enacted where Indian John lives. His father goes to his son's lodge; he lifts his tomahawk when he fancies he sees a resemblance in his son's face to the mother ten years dead and his arm falls to his side. He upbraids his son. He is not a warrior—he is only a dog. John denies the accusation, and his father reiterates: "Let him go and live among dogs—he has no son," and the Indian replies, "John has no father!" Indian John feels the need of food, and shoots a deer. Dick Clarke fires a musket and claims the deer as his victim. The Indian asserts it is his. Clarke offers him money if he will say nothing about it and displays gold as well as silver. John snatches the pocketbook with one hand and pinions Clarke's arm and ties him hand and foot with a cord. He secures the gold and silver and throws the pocketbook away containing the valuable information relating to the hidden treasure.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A BOY AND A BEAR.

ON the same day that Richard Clarke fell afoul of Indian John in the woods, Jerry obtained permission to go fishing at Lake Cassalet, four miles distant from the Parkhurst home.

At this lake the boy felt he would make a much larger haul than from the pond near the house, and he was, consequently, much elated over the prospect.

"I'll bring you some big fish this time, Mehitable," he said, while preparing his lines and bait.

"You take care that you don't fall into the hands of some of the good-for-nothing Indians," returned the spinster.

"Humph! do you think I am afraid of the Indians?" retorted Jerry.

"Well, you had better be. They are not always so peaceable as you think they are."

"I don't believe the Indians would dare to touch me, Hitty. They know well enough that if they did all the settlers would be up in arms against them."

"Do you think the settlers are going to put themselves out for you?" she asked tartly.

"Don't you think they'd do something if the Indians captured you?" asked Jerry.

"Well, that's a different thing."

"They always try to protect a young lady, Jerry Blue."

At this Jerry gave a low whistle.

"Say, Hitty, how would you like to have a tall, nice-looking Indian run off with you?" he went on presently.

"Ugh! Don't mention it."

"You'd make a fine squaw, don't you think so?"

"No, I don't."

"And think of living in a wigwam these hot nights. Wouldn't it be fine!"

"Jerry Blue, you are nothing but a born tease. Now clear out with you, or I'll douse you with hot water."

"Then you wouldn't marry an Indian? Too bad. I heard two of the chiefs were after you. One of 'em is rich. He's got three wives already."

"If you don't go, you'll get that water sure!" and Mehitable reached for the dipper, and as the pot of boiling water was conveniently close, Jerry disappeared immediately.

It was an ideal day for any sort of sport, and Jerry was as full of good humor as the lawyer had been when starting out for the deer. He knew the trail well and did not hesitate once while making his way to the distant lake. Only once did he stop while on his journey—to watch the antics of several chipmunks. He tried to bring one down with a stone, but the shot was unsuccessful.

His path lay within half a mile of the Indian village where the trial at archery had occurred. On several occasions the boy had stopped at the village, once on an errand for Mr. Parkhurst, and then again to buy some fancy feathers for Mabel, but never had the red men offered him any harm. It was a period when the Indians and whites were at perfect peace.

At last the distant lake was reached, and finding a spot he knew was good for fishing, Jerry settled down to the spot in earnest. He had brought along what he considered was the best bait for his purpose, and soon his catch justified his judgment.

"Wish Mr. Davenport was along," he mused, after he had brought in his fifth fish. He knew that Henry Davenport enjoyed fishing very much. The two had gone out frequently, but now Mabel claimed all of the young man's spare time.

Since the talk with Mabel, Jerry had heard nothing further concerning Dick Clarke or the missing money. The boy had expected to learn something about the girl's visit to the tavern but Mabel remained silent.

"I hope she doesn't change her mind and marry that man, anyway," thought Jerry. "If she does that, what will Mr. Davenport do? I'm half of a mind to tell him what's in the wind. Perhaps he can get hold of this lawyer and make him tell where the box of gold is."

But the boy had given his promise to Mabel, and it was not in his make-up to break his word.

Fishing was so good that in less than two hours Jerry had as much of a mess as he cared to carry home. He strung them all on a forked tree twig, and put them on some bushes out of the sun.

Jerry had brought a lunch with him and now he devoted his attention to the bread, meat, and doughnuts, with an avidity that proved his appetite had lost none of its vigor. As he ate he looked over the lake and toward a little island not over two hundred feet from the shore.

"Wonder what's on the island?" he asked himself. "Perhaps there are some fine birds' nests there. Guess I'll swim over and take a look."

The swim was induced in immediately after the last of the doughnuts had disappeared. Jerry felt perfectly at home in the water, and the fact that the lake was very deep in certain spots did not disturb him. He took a plunge and swam around a bit near shore, and then struck out boldly for the island.

The island was less than three hundred feet square, so it did not take the boy long to walk around and over it. It was covered with a scanty growth of bushes and trees and in some places the rocks were so sharp he had to be careful for fear of cutting his feet. He found only two nests and both of these were empty. Birds were there in plenty, but they took good care to keep out of his reach.

Coming to the shore of the island, Jerry sat down to rest before returning to the mainland. He had scarcely seated himself when he let out a low cry of astonishment and leaped up again.

On the shore beyond stood a big black bear. The bear had been sniffing at his clothing, which lay in a heap on the grass. Now ruin was turning his attention to the string of fish resting on the bushes.

"Well, I declare!" murmured Jerry, with his eyes as big as saucers. "A bear! Oh, my! and I haven't even a pistol, much less a gun!"

For fully a minute the bear sniffed at the fish, and then bit into the largest of the catch. It was evidently to his taste, and soon he was feeding as contentedly as if the haul was his own.

"That's what I call ill manners," said Jerry to himself. "He's going to rob me of my fish, and for all I know he'll rob me of my clothes, too. Wonder what I had best do?"

Jerry knew that bears do not care to swim if they can help it, and he contemplated the stretch of water between himself and the animal with great satisfaction. Then he picked up a sharp stone, took careful aim, and let drive.

As we already know, Jerry was not usually a good marksman. But the object aimed at was large, and now good fortune attended his move. The bear received the stone directly in the left ear. The animal let out a roar of pain and rage and dropped the fish instantly.

"Hi! drop those fish!" roared Jerry, and let fly another stone. This struck the bear in the back, and with a snort the beast turned and went crashing into the forest and out of sight.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### JERRY MAKES A FIND.

Jerry was naturally a cautious boy, and he did not at once return to the mainland. "That bear may be in hiding, ready to pounce on me the minute I land," he thought. "Just guess I'll rest here a bit and see if he comes back."

Jerry waited for half an hour, and then, seeing or hearing nothing further of the animal, swam cautiously across the water once more. On landing it did not take him long to don his clothes. He examined the fish, to find that three had been eaten.

"It's not so bad as it might have been," he reasoned. "But, oh, if only I had had a gun and had hit him in the ear with a bullet instead of that stone! It would have been better than bringing down that deer I was after the day I peppered that lawyer's hat."

Jerry did not mean to let the bear deprive him of his fish, and so threw in his line once more. For a while he got no bite, but presently he drew up a fish, and four others followed in rapid succession.

"There, that makes up for what I lost," he told himself. "Now it's time I got home, or else they won't let me come this far again. There are a pile of chores to be done before sundown."

With his catch in one hand and his fishing outfit in the other, he turned back toward the Parkhurst house. As he advanced deeper and deeper into the woods he kept a keen lookout for the bear. But the animal did not show himself, preferring, doubtless, to keep out of the way of one who could give him as much pain in the ear as he was now suffering.

There were two routes to and from the lake, and in returning home Jerry took that which was different from the one first pursued. By this means, unknown to himself, he crossed the trail of Indian John, at the exact spot where the worthless red man had confiscated the money in Dick Clarke's pocketbook.

As Jerry strode forward, a shaft of light, striking through the trees, illuminated the spot where the pocketbook rested, so the boy could not but see the article in question.

"A pocketbook!" he exclaimed. "Well, I'm in luck this time for sure. I wonder whether there's much in it?"

Dropping his outfit and his fish, he seized the pocketbook and turned it open.

"Plague take it, just my luck!" he exclaimed, in chagrin. "Not a penny in it!" He turned the object over. "Wonder who it belongs to? Hullo, here's a name, Richard Clarke. So it belongs to the lawyer who is trying to make Miss Mabel and her father so much trouble. Now, did he throw it away, or did somebody rob him of it?"

At his point Jerry espied the papers and letters on the ground, and picked them up one after another. His curiosity was aroused, and he read everything with great care.

The majority of the documents were of small importance but the last paper he perused interested him beyond measure. It was the document left by Mabel's grandfather regarding the hidden box of gold.

"Hurrah! here's the bottom of that mystery!" he cried joyfully. "This is the secret that Mr. Richard Clarke was keeping from Miss Mabel and the squire. Said he must either be allowed to marry Mabel or else he'd keep the money for himself, did he? Well, I guess he'll do nothing of the kind now. He's a rascal if ever there was one, and I'd like nothing better than to outwit him, and that's just what I am going to do, too!"

Jerry was reading the letter over a second time when, on looking along the trail, he saw Henry Davenport approaching on horseback.

"Hullo! Mr. Davenport," he murmured. "Wonder if I hadn't better tell him about this? Miss Mabel wanted me to keep mum, but Mr. Davenport ought to know what a rascal Richard Clarke is. Perhaps I had better sound him first."

"Well, Jerry, how are you today?" said Henry Davenport, coming closer. "Been fishing, I see. A nice mess truly."

"How do you do, Mr. Davenport?" returned the boy. "Say, have you seen that man from the tavern around here, that Mr. Richard Clarke?"

"No, I have not. Jerry, what do you think of him?" questioned the young man in return. "I think he's a rascal," was the prompt answer.

"You do?"

"Yes, I do."

"What do you know about him?" asked Henry Davenport, a little surprised that Mabel should have made a confidant of the youth before him.

Thinking there might be something which he did not know, and desirous of verifying the truth or falsity of this suspicion, Jerry began to show reserve, and thrusting the important paper slyly into his breast pocket, answered:

"Well, I don't know as I know all that's going on, but I know something that you and Miss Mabel and the squire too would be glad to know."

"Indeed!" said Henry Davenport eagerly. "What is it? Tell me at once."

But Jerry was too old a bird to be so quickly caught.

"Afraid of me?" he said meditatively, "I can't tell whether you will care much for it unless I know the circumstances about this fellow over to the tavern."

"Pshaw, Jerry!" said Davenport, impatiently, "it wouldn't interest you much. Just tell me what it is that you have found out."

"I guess," said Jerry shrewdly, "that what I've found out, wouldn't interest you much, so I guess I won't say anything about it."

"I see," said the young man, "that you are a sharp boy, and I must give up to you. You must know then, that Mabel and myself have made up our minds to—"

"Hitch teams," suggested Jerry, with an intelligent nod.

"Well, perhaps that will express it," said the young man, smiling, "but unfortunately for our purpose this lawyer has the presumption to aspire to Mabel's hand also."

"Why don't she tell him to clear out and go about his business?"

"Unfortunately he has in his possession a secret of a most important character which he uses to influence the mind of Mr. Parkhurst, who is so discomfited thereby that Mabel is also made unhappy."

"You don't happen to know what the secret is about?" said Jerry, in a very suggestive tone.

"I see, my boy, you will allow no half-way confidences," said Davenport, laughing. "I might as well be frank and tell you the whole. It appears, then, that Mr. Parkhurst inherited only half of his father's property—and that

half, as you know, he lost through his misfortunes in business."

"What became of the rest?" questioned Jerry, who of course knew all about it, but for certain reasons of his own desired to learn how much the young man knew about it.

"That is just what we don't know and this fellow does. We only know that Mr. Parkhurst's father was afraid his property would be taken away from him during the war, and accordingly converted half of his wealth into gold, and concealed it. He left a letter behind, disclosing the place of concealment, but this letter his son never received or ever saw. By some unlucky accident it fell into the hands of this fellow Clarke, who keeps it to himself, and uses it with Mr. Parkhurst as a means of obtaining his consent to wed Mabel."

"How much money was there?" asked Jerry.

"Fifty thousand dollars!"

"Crackey! That would make a pile, wouldn't it? I say, it would be worth something to get hold of that letter."

"Yes, I would give something if I could once set eyes on it."

"You would?"

"Of course I would. But how queerly you act this morning. What have you been taking?"

"A little exercise," said Jerry demurely. "But, I say, how much would you give?"

"Five hundred dollars!" said the young man, more for the sake of satisfying Jerry with an answer than from any other reason.

"Then, Mr. Davenport, I guess I'll take it now," said the boy, pulling out the paper from its place of concealment.

"What's that?" demanded Henry Davenport in surprise.

"Just read it, and I guess you'll find it all right," said Jerry.

It was read with emotions of joyful surprise.

"Jerry, you're an angel of good tidings!" the young man exclaimed, clasping the boy's hand warmly in his.

"Thank you for your favorable opinion," said Jerry, his eyes sparkling with merriment. "I'm rather badly off for wings, considering I'm an angel, and I guess you had better let me have the money, so that I can buy a new pair."

His companion laughed. "I won't forget you, Jerry," he said, "but let us go to the house, and tell Mabel and her father of this welcome discovery."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE FAIR DELIVERER.

Nothing could well be imagined more aggravating than the lawyer's situation. To lie upon the ground in a cramped position, with one's limbs confined by a strong cord, can hardly be considered agreeable. But when you add to this that the prospect of deliverance is very uncertain, and that, while so confined, future plans of advantage are in imminent danger of being knocked on the head, it may well be conceived that there are other situations which may be considered preferable.

Such as I have described was the position of the lawyer.

"That confounded Indian!" he exclaimed, smarting with the pain of the cord. "I could shoot him with a good relish. If he had only left me the paper, I would not have minded the money so much. But it is torture to lie here, not knowing how much mischief he may do."

After a time he became less desponding, and reflected that, after all, things were not quite as bad as they might have been. The mere possession of the paper was nothing to him. It was only important that it should not fall into the hands of others who might make use of it, and especially of those to whom it rightfully belonged. Now, the presumption was that John, who did not know how to read, would destroy the papers contained in the pocketbook as of no value to himself, and as likely, if discovered in his possession, to bring him into trouble. If he destroyed them, well and good. No evil would result to the lawyer, and the secret would still be his.

Dick Clarke, who was of a sanguine temperament, gradually worked himself into the conviction that this was what was most likely to happen. Thus his trouble of mind was somewhat diminished, although his bodily discomfort remained. But his deliverer, although he knew it not, was even now at hand.

Mehitable had come out into the woods in search of some peculiar kind of herb which was a sovereign remedy for rheumatism, from the ruthless attacks of which she sometimes suffered.

She had from the first been favorably impressed with the lawyer's appearance, and had indulged a hope that his opinion of herself was not less favorable. She had observed nothing likely to lead her to suppose that Mabel was the object of his attentions. Besides she knew that an attachment existed between Henry Davenport and her young mistress, and this was sufficient to prevent her imagining that the lawyer's stay in the village had anything to do with Mabel.

This delusion of hers was encouraged by Jerry, who in the spirit of roguery enjoyed the affected bashfulness and confusion assumed by Mehitable when spoken to on the subject. By his continual teasing, he had done much to keep alive in her the hope that her destiny was at hand, and that ere long she would return to New York with the lawyer as his bride.

In fact, it was with this pleasing subject that Mehitable's thoughts were occupied when chance led her to the immediate neighborhood of the prisoner.

His quick eyes detected her approach, and recognizing her at once, he called out loudly.

"Who calls me?" asked Mehitable, in a voice tremulous with affright, for it was the fear of her life that the Indians would some day carry her off, though it would be hard to tell what object they could have in the abduction.

Afraid that she would leave him in her alarm, and so deprive him of the present chance of escape, the lawyer cried: "Don't be afraid. It is only I, Richard Clarke, the lawyer. Surely you know me!"

For the first time discovering her supposed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)





LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love one's country and protect its flag. COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

I WISH you all a glorious Fourth, Toby has invested in a thirty-cent skyrocket a mile long, and at 9 P. M. on the night of Independence Day he will attach it to William's tail, and if you keep a good sharp lookout on the sky, you will see Billy sailing starwards through the Heavens, like a fiery comet, with a trail of sparks at his tail. Toby has been greatly interested in the Thaw trial, and says Billy the Goat has Dementia Americana, while Billy says Toby's brain storms give him a pain in the technique. I am sorry to say Billy has been violently sick again. Toby gave him a newspaper containing an account of the Thaw trial, and Billy, who cannot read, owing to a neglected education, due to his mother being too poor to send him to the Goat School, ate the newspaper, without knowing its deadly nature. Billy was immediately seized with what Toby calls potmaine poisoning, and only the most strenuous efforts of six goat doctors saved his life. Billy says he can swallow carbolic acid, and enjoy it, but when it comes to trying to digest the filthy and disgusting details of the Thaw case, his cast-iron stomach revolts, for that stuff, he says, would poison all the goats that ever munched bottles and chewed cans.

A great number of the cousins have neglected to renew their subscriptions, and I am getting out a blacklist of those who are failing in their duty in this regard, and I'm going to spank everyone who does not pony up. I am also going to spank those who send subscriptions to our grand secretary, and double spank those who send in five cents and ask for membership in this League. Twenty cents absolutely must accompany each request for admission to our magic circle. For this you get card, badge and a year's subscription to COMFORT. For seven subscriptions you can also get Uncle Charlie's Book of poems. The Fort Worth Gazette (Texas) says, "No cheerier, brighter humor has ever been put into rhyme than is to be found in this volume." And you can earn it by an hour's easy work. You will be delighted to know that Lawrence Bird of Dalton, Ga., for whom I made an appeal on our December issue, has gotten that cow he so sorely needed at last, thanks to your efforts. That is a feather in your caps, is it not? That is practical Christianity, the only kind that cuts any figure in heaven. We are doing a good work, let's keep it up, for there are many sufferers yet, who need our aid.

Since writing the above I've got word from Wm. T. Harrah, whose letters and picture of himself and family appeared in our Nov. issue. William received \$47 in cash, many useful articles, and hundreds of cheery letters. Had it not been for this assistance, for which he is profoundly grateful, he does not know how he would have survived the hardships of the long winter through which we have lately passed. Once more, bravo for the C. L. O. C. Now for the letters.

A letter dated from a Boston cousin will now delight us.

96 HAMMOND ST., ROXBURY, MASS., Mar. 25, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am sad, always have been sad, and never believed in laughter, never saw anything or heard anything to laugh at until I read your answers to those letter-writers in COMFORT; then my sides shook until they stopped shaking.

Augusta must be a pretty little city, with pine trees on each side of its streets. I have often wondered how you get the paper to build COMFORT with. You must get it cheaply, or for nothing, in order to make a magazine for fifteen cents a year. Perhaps you have permission to cut down a tree and grind it to pulp, and spread it on the ground while you are waiting to go to press. Excuse my ignorance of country ways, but I am anxious to know, so when I buy a farm I can run a magazine just for an occupation, and not for profit. I presume you have to live cheaply down there on your small income; don't have much meat except caribou and hen; send all your eggs to Boston, eh? You probably use pine knots for illuminating purposes. Haven't heard of electric light, gas and kerosene, yet, I suppose? Well, you'll get the improvements later on. You don't know how to live yet.

I wonder if you were ever in Boston. It is a big city, and a lonely place for a stranger. You had better let me know when you are coming, so you won't get bumped, or scared by an auto-mobile. Ever see one? People bump you on the street, and even tread on your toes, but they never stop to beg your pardon. You turn around a corner just as a fellow runs against you. He drives a lighted cigar in your eye, and only says, "oh!" and keeps on. A fellow with a cane under his arm turns around quickly and watch with a dozen boot-blacks after it. A man with an umbrella knocks off your hat in the mud, and a horse's foot puts a crease in it. In trying to run across the street you see too late that a car is coming both ways, so you get between them, and get rolled as thin as piecrust. I only name a few of the dangers so you may be prepared to meet them when you visit the Hub. You possibly know that this is a city of culture and literary attainment, but you may not understand the language.

But, let me wonder again, how the Lighthouse girl and the soldier on a ranch found a copy of COMFORT. Perhaps you sent it by that wind that took your lighthouse all over the universe. Or, do you have agents on the ocean, or put copies in glass bottles and send them adrift, and put copies in toy balloons and send them overland? If you do this you are a genius. You are a great Uncle.

Yours truly,  
G. F. Lewis (No. 18,134).

Thanks, George, for the lovely things you say about me. I am glad you recognize the fact that COMFORT is not only the leading family paper, but we also supply more laughs to the square inch, than all of the so-called ten-cent funny weekly papers put together. Yes, George, you're right in surmising that this is pretty much of a rural community up here. Our principal crop in this section is chin whiskers. We raise and can whiskers for the whole of the U. S. I have no doubt that the ones you are wearing originally wagged on the chin of one of our extinguished

citizens. Chin whiskers are wagging pretty strenuously right now, as we've just got the news of the battle of Bunker Hill, and there is great excitement, and Washington is likely to get all the votes, if he should run again for President on the Republican ticket. You ask if we use pine knots for illuminating purposes? No, we do not; we carry daylight around in bags, as we are in the Arctic Circle, and have six months day, and six months night. During the six months night we sleep, and it takes us the next six months to wake up. Some of us never wake up. Lieutenant Peary in his efforts to discover the North Pole, got within nearly two hundred miles of us, when he quit and had to go home. You speak of Electric Light, Kerosene, Gas and Automobiles. What you mean by these terms we do not know. Our oldest men and city fathers have tried to discover what these strange terms imply, but have given it up in despair. I presume they are the names of some distinguished foreigners who are now visiting the great baked bean metropolis, excuse me, I mean Beanopolis, as I believe you are all vegetarians in the Hub, and yours is not a meatropolis. You are quite right in imagining that I live on caribou. My method of securing my daily rations is this: I wait until Carrie Boo comes down the street, then I say "Good morning, Carrie," and she replies, "Boo!" Then I carry Carrie Boo home, and dissect her for culinary purposes. You ask if I was ever in Boston? No, George, I have never been in Boston. Uncle Charlie and the President are compelled to live in the United States, and are not permitted to visit foreign cities, and as I only speak Augusta, I wouldn't be understood by the Bostonese, and the other wild inhabitants of Beanopolis. As soon as a hen lays an egg in this section the City Fathers declare a general holiday, there is a big street parade, with music, and the egg is escorted in state to the depot, where it is at once sent South over the ice floes to your city. On the return of the messenger with the price of the egg—five cents—all business is suspended while the town spends the money. COMFORT is printed thus: We get all our wood pulp free. We use sections of the North Pole and convert it into wood pulp. We let the wood pulp run all over the back yard, and freeze to the proper inconsistency, and then we have a hose, and spray the type on to the frozen pulp. Wouldn't that pulp you? Our method of distribution is quite simple. When our whisker crop goes South, we wrap an edition of COMFORT round each can. COMFORT's price is small, because we want to put COMFORT within reach of the humblest home, and not make it the exclusive possession of the millionaire. Though our price is small, our advertising rate is five dollars per line; wouldn't that illuminate you? George, in your remarks about Boston, you speak of seeing a car coming both ways at once. From this I infer that you are in the habit of occasionally seeing double at times. From this I also infer that Boston is not in a prohibition state, for when a man can see one solitary street car coming from two different directions at the same time, it's up to him to interview Carrie Nation, and get on the water wagon. George, I thank you for your bouquets, and for your lovely letter, and trust you will keep out of the way of the double street cars, as they are dangerous things to monkey with.

I will now introduce you to a blind cousin, who has written the best and most remarkable letter ever printed in the League corner.

Boggs, Ky., March 5, 1907.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

Perhaps some will call me a shut-in because I am blind, but when I read of so many sufferers, who are unable to leave their beds, or rooms, I feel fortunate that I am as I am. We all have blessings which we should appreciate very highly, and by looking around we can always find someone in a worse condition than ourselves, whom we might help, instead of burdening others with our troubles.

I am a refined, well-educated blind man, six feet tall, dark hair, fair complexion, weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and thirty-four years old. You see I am not as particular about telling my age as are old maids and widows. I was educated at the school for the blind in Louisville. I wish I could tell about our fine school there, but it would make my letter too long. Suffice it to say that our studies and our sports were equally enjoyable. Beside the ordinary literary branches, I took a thorough course in music. I also learned to make brooms and have worked at that trade principally. I have also taught music, worked on the farm, clerked in the store, and carried the mail. I go anywhere alone, and am fond of riding horseback. I am well acquainted with Cincinnati, Louisville, and other cities, and travel the streets of them alone. So you see I am not a shut-in. I am a Presbyterian, and my principal delight is in doing church work. I am assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school, also organist and a teacher. I have a class of girls from thirteen to the best attendance this year. I have recently purchased a typewriter, which I find very convenient, especially as I am correspondent for a daily paper. I never wrote a word on a typewriter until it arrived on Tuesday; and on the following Friday, I wrote two letters with it. I am very fond of corresponding, and would be pleased to hear from some of the cousins. I am thinking of hearing from some of the "Singing Schools" this summer; perhaps some of you can tell me of a good opening. Some people look upon a blind man as a helpless creature, fit for nothing but to sit around and eat, but I hope COMFORT readers have a better conception of us. People are not willing to give the blind the encouragement or the opportunities they give the seeing. I like the mercantile business better than anything I have yet tried, and feel that I am as competent to manage a common store as anybody, but where is the person who would give me a position in a store, even on trial, unless it was my brother, who knows my capabilities. I have thought of entering the ministry, but opportunities and discouragement confronted me on every hand. It is the same way with any blind people, who are

endeavoring to do something in the world. But in spite of all this, the Lord has been very good to me, and I am filling my small corner as well as many, perhaps, who are in better circumstances. Before closing I must tell about the glorious victory we temperance people had in my county. I attended and participated in one rally. The women and children marched the streets with flags and banners, stopping to sing in front of the village stores. The recitations, music and addresses were excellent and the county went "dry" by a vote of nine hundred and twenty-three majority. This makes ninety-six dry counties in Kentucky, out of one hundred and nineteen in the state. Let the good work go on. Farewell, with best wishes for all.

OMAR BOGGS.

Thank you, Omar, no braver, nobler epistle was ever penned by mortal hand. Blind though you are, God has lit a light in your soul that illumines your pathway and gives you a deeper insight into this and the future life than is possessed by any of your neighbors. Millions of people who have eyes are yet only able to see one hundredth part of the good and beautiful in this world. Moral and mental blindness has been the curse of the ages, and many a man has passed Omar Boggs, and said pityingly "He is blind"—whereas it was Omar who was saying "God pity them, for they think they see and don't, they are far more blind than I." Omar Boggs would not exchange his mental vision for good eyesight and mental darkness. I wish you could see the exquisitely neat letter before me. It is typewritten, and only two mistakes in some sixty lines, and those, trifling mechanical ones that the best of typewriters are liable to make. I know lots of typists with good eyesight who could not type a letter as neatly as this to save their necks. Blindness is a terrible affliction, but a blind man can, with education and training do almost everything but paint a picture. A COMFORT cousin is Secretary to the President of the New York Association for the Blind (this is your friend Dolores that I once told you about), and she tells me much that is wonderful about the blind. Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind is probably the most wonderful woman in the world today. She has conquered her afflictions, and is one of the best educated, brightest, and most intellectual women living. The blind do not want pity, they want opportunities, and a chance to earn a living. Give it to them whenever you can. Let rum drinking, blaspheming, cigarette-smoking boys and men, and the disheartened and discontented of both sexes ponder over this wonderful letter, and learn the lesson it teaches. If you cannot see the lesson that is written here for you, there is a blindness about your eyes, and a darkness about your mind far more terrible than that which shuts out the beauties of nature from Omar Boggs, for remember: "None so blind as those who will not see." Omar, I would rather grasp your hand than President Roosevelt's.

A little Arkansawyer will now entertain us. BROWNVILLE, ARK., Jan. 17, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am sorry that I did not get to write to you before, but I was picking cotton and did not have time to write. Did you ever pick cotton? If you did, I guess you know what side rows are. I picked three weeks, and picked side rows with my sweetheart one week, and I can pick one hundred pounds a day. Oh, Uncle, if you could only have seen us. There were six girls and boys, and when some of us went to the house, there were just two rooms—the kitchen and bedroom. There were three beds in the room. We ate our supper and then went in the other room, by the fireplace, so that we could keep warm, and there were so many of us, that we could hardly get in the room. Now you must not laugh at me, dear Uncle, for it was the first time I had ever picked cotton, for I was a Northern girl, and had not seen cotton before.

Well, I was looking around and wondering where Mrs. Hall was going to have us all to sleep just on three beds. I thought that Mr. Hall and his wife and the two babies would sleep on one bed, me and the two girls on the other bed, and then I knew that six great big boys could not sleep in one bed. But she piled down some feather beds and us girls got in bed on the stairs, and the boys got in bed on them on the floor, and none of us took off our clothes, we just pulled off our shoes and piled in. Charlie, did you ever go to a candy drawing? I went to my first one the other night, and I had so much fun. We played all kinds of games, and it was about ten o'clock when we began to draw candy. They took all the men and boys' names, then one of the women took the pan of candy and tied a cloth over the top, then they called a boy or man, and he would choose a girl or woman, the girl would reach in the pan and get a piece, then the boy would get a piece. The one that had the pan would take both pieces and see if they were alike, and if they were, she would give the pieces back, and they could go to their seats, and they would call someone else, but if they had different kinds of candy, the girl put the end of the stick in her mouth, and the boy would bite the other end of the candy. Sometimes the boy would kiss the girl, but not very often.

I've got one new League member, his name is Mr. Jack Pool. You will find inclosed twenty cents for the paper, card and button. Uncle Charlie, you taught me a lesson. I was reading over one of the letters the other day, and you spoke something about the heart and the boy that you was telling about, wrote it "hart", and you said that was a deer, and now I always try to get that little "e" in the heart, so you'll know what I mean.

I will send you some mistletoe next Christmas. Out here you can see it on every oak tree, and it is so pretty to see it up in a tree, a big holly here, I only know of one tree.

From your loving niece,  
ALETHA SCHLEM.

Aletha, your letter is certainly entertaining, but I deeply regret that Mrs. Hall's sleeping accommodations were so limited, though she certainly did remarkably well considering the limited space at her disposal. I should have thought she might have put a bed in the cook stove, and have let the boys sleep in the oven. That reminds me of the time I tried to run a hotel. It was a big hotel with two bedrooms. I used to sleep in the office downstairs, so as to prevent anyone from stealing the hotel. I had two beds in the hotel, but after a week of bad business, one of the beds was seized for debt. During the first week, I only had one guest, and after he had had his first meal, that guest guessed he wouldn't stay. I ruin stared me in the face, when to my joy an excursion party of two hundred people struck the town. The only other hotel in the place was full, so full, in fact, it had been arrested and put in jail, and so they all piled down to the Star View Hotel, which I was running (Toby says it was the Starview Hotel, but he is always sarcastic.) Well, here was my chance to make some good money. People were offering all sorts of prices for a bed, but two hundred people could not sleep in one bed, at least not in that section, though it might be managed in Brownsville, Ark. Well, I made all the folks register, and pay me in advance. It was a cold night, so I let them hold their hands over the register, while they registered,

and get warm. Then I showed the first two guests upstairs, and they hadn't been in that room five minutes before they were both snoring. I opened the door with a pass key, and carried first one and then the other down the back stairs, and laid them in the cellar. Then I rushed into the office and took two more up, and waited outside until I heard them snoring, and then down the back stairs they went on the double quick. I kept this up, until I had the mob fast asleep in the cellar. They had been on that train forty-eight hours, and were so dead tired you could have run a freight train over them without waking them. One old man weighed three hundred and eighty pounds, and I let him fall downstairs. He landed on his cocoonut, and all he said was "Mandy, quit giving me them love pats." I'll bet he had often been soaked with a club. I got two hundred out of one bed in one night, and that's what I call business, but the trouble is, you can't stay and do business of that kind right along, you have to run, after the first haul. One man, one bed, is the vital principle for which Washington and our forefathers fought and bled, and when you start putting two hundred people into one bed in one night, you're butting into trouble. Aletha, you can tell this story to your friend, and the next time she puts six boys into one bed, tell her to wait until they are asleep, and dump them in the back yard.

I'm so glad, dear, that your spelling has improved, and that you can write heart with an E in it, without having heart trouble. I am glad Arthur Pool has come into the League, but League members must not visit Arthur while he is in his room, as I cannot allow any of the League members to go into a Pool-room.

The next song will be a dance by a little Illinois cousin.

SIGEL, R. F. D., 2, ILL., May 19, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I have received my card and button and am perfectly delighted with them. I have inclosed seven "subs" for book of Uncle Charlie's poems, which I am sure I shall be delighted with. I will now give my height, style, and weight. I am five feet two inches tall, have brown hair, dark blue eyes, and am sixteen years old. I can play the bace fiddle, piano, oregon, guitar, zither.

No, Uncle, I will not be angry if I do not see this in print, for I understand how impossible it is to print all the letters that come into your hands.

I see Billy the Goat coming, so I will take a back seat. All the cousins write to me, please; all letters will be answered.

Your loving niece and cousin,  
GRACE EASTON (No. 18,935).

Grace Easton, what a pretty name! Grace hasn't written a particularly long or interesting letter, but still Grace shall go in print, and attain immortality, owing to her marvelous accomplishments. Grace says she can play the "bace" fiddle! I don't doubt it, but for Heaven's sake, what is a bace fiddle? Can anyone guess? But think of it! Grace positively declares she can play the Oregon. Think of it, one little girl, extracting music from an entire state. I tried to play Oregon once, but they wouldn't stand for my game, but Grace can play Oregon, and doubtless any other state if she had the mind to. What a majestic instrument! The United States converted into one huge pipe organ, and Grace giving a grand performance monthly every day. Oregon ought to produce some fine music, if you punched the keys down hard, and banged both feet on the loud pedal. Grace, you are the official organist of the C. L. O. C., but how can you play on Oregon, and live in Illinois? Don't you think the people of Oregon will be ill O'weise too, if you give them too much of your music. I am very fond of music, dear, especially the Juice harp—that is liquid music and it is very refreshing. I like to hear a baby sing when it has the colic—there is something very soothing in music of that kind, reminds one of Wagner at his best. I love to hear soapuds gurgling in a sink, a cyclone breathing out its young soul in a storm sewer, and little Willie extracting a nocturne from a washbowl with a fence rail, or an arpeggio from an egg box with a healthy club. Some people may say that my musical tastes are depraved, but, Grace, if it came to a show down as to whether I had to sit through the periodical attacks of a young lady with acute pianitis, or take in the weird cacophony of sound outlined above, I think, dear, without wishing to cast the least reflection on the musical ability of budding youth, that I'd rather hear a four-legged gentleman with bristles offering up his melodic protest at being converted into pork by the sanguinary executioner of the hog shambles, than hear the average young lady scale the piano. This is no reflection on your musical ability, but simply a confession of depraved tastes. If you'd come into my coop and make a noise like a five dollar bill, you'd have me hypnotized with delight, but if you have no objection, you can keep the piano locked up for a little while longer—say a couple of hundred years—until I am old enough to appreciate real genuine, healthy, unadulterated music, of the kind, you turn out so exquisitely. I will kiss you good by.

Here is a letter from one of your afflicted brothers.

HOME, R. F. D., 2, PA., Jan. 10, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

When I joined your C. L. O. C. one year ago, I sent you a letter which never appeared, so I will try again, hoping for better success this time. How many of us have been successful in doing or accomplishing the object of our heart's greatest desire? I know many of us have met with bitter disappointment, which turned the currents of our lives entirely.

For almost nine years I have been lying helpless with rheumatism, and have only my right eye and left hand left me now to use. I have been on the train four times and enjoyed the trips very much, although I had to ride in the baggage car, lying on a spring cot, which they placed near the open door, so that I might see out. I am an old "bach" of twenty-eight, without parents, means or home.

Giving all my love and best wishes, I am, ever your true shut-in cousin,

WM. V. KINTER.

Thank you, William, for the way you've penned your letter. I wish all the cousins who have health and strength wrote as neatly as you do, and yet, you have only your left hand and one eye to aid you, while they have their hands and faculties unimpaired. Will, you've had a rough time of it, but I'm glad you are keeping a stiff upper lip, and are facing your troubles bravely. I wish Mrs. Sage's millions could reach cases like yours, but they won't. The country shut-ins have no friends, no one to plead their cause. Those in the city have a chance to reach charitable organizations occasionally, but the help they get is trifling, and does not last long. The helpless shut-ins,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



# ST. ELMO

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna Earl witnesses a duel, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, Edna's grandfather. Edna goes to her grandfather's blacksmith shop, where he is shoeing a vicious horse. The owner, impatient at the delay, curses her grandfather. Aaron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna retains a vague remembrance of keen anguish. She decides to go to Columbus, Georgia, to work in the factory, and boards the train at Chattanooga. Night comes on and she is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is chaos. Edna, severely injured, is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, who will educate her, exacting certain things. St. Elmo, Mrs. Murray's son, comes home. Edna overhears his words of disapproval, and in his voice, recognizes the man who cursed her grandfather. She falls asleep in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dog near her, and thunders for her to keep still. He seizes the dog and commands the girl to bring him a stick. She pleads for the dog and snatching the stick from his hand refuses to give it back. St. Elmo is dumb with astonishment. He walks up and down his elegant rooms. On a slab is a miniature tomb, the richly carved door of which is opened only by a key, which never leaves St. Elmo's watch-chain.

Mrs. Murray acquiesces Mr. Hammond as Edna's instructor and she begins the study of Latin and Greek. St. Elmo starts on a lone journey. He intrusts the key to Edna's keeping on two conditions: first not to mention it to anyone, and that she will not open the tomb, unless he fails to return at the end of four years and she has good reason to consider him dead. She promises not to betray the trust. Gordon Leigh studies with Edna, and together they begin Hebrew. Edna receives an invitation to a party given by Mrs. Inge, Gordon Leigh's sister. She goes to the party and overhears criticisms concerning the scheme to make a marriage between her and Gordon Leigh.

Edna goes to the library. She is conscious of some unseen presence. She walks up to the tomb, and takes the key from its hiding-place. Unless she has reason to believe he is dead she is not to open it. Again she is positive of some powerful influence, and looking up sees Mr. Murray. He is ready to receive an account of her stewardship. He doubts her; if she has kept her promise there will be a report. He had thought his confidence killed. She stands firm. Edna is seized with authorship and submits her work. Mrs. Murray announces the coming of her niece, Estelle Harding. St. Elmo objects. Edna receives her rejected manuscript from Douglas G. Manning.

Gordon Leigh offers his heart and home to Edna; she refuses him. St. Elmo queries in the presence of his mother who writes to Edna from New York. Mr. Manning reconsiders his opinion and writes Edna she may send the manuscript as far as written. Mrs. Murray insists that she see the letter. She doubts Edna's word, and she reluctantly shows Mr. Manning's signature. Clinton Allison is announced. In him she sees the slayer of Harry Dent and refuses recognition. St. Elmo demands an apology. Edna remains firm in her conviction. Mr. Hammond has visitors in his niece, Agnes Powell, and her daughter, Gertrude. St. Elmo bitterly criticizes an article in Manning's magazine. Edna accompanies Murray that she is the author of the essay St. Elmo ridicules and shows the magazine containing Mr. Manning's praise of her work. St. Elmo gazes on the scene.

The truth that she loves St. Elmo comes to Edna, and she decides to leave the house. Mrs. Murray pleads with her to stay. Gertrude pleads with St. Elmo to drive and wonders if it is wrong to love him. St. Elmo brings a celebrated doctor to Huldah Reed and finds Edna there. She gives him a note from Gertrude. If she had only gone before she knew there was any redeeming quality in his sinful nature. St. Elmo confesses to her the sin and shame of his past wretched life. Gertrude stands between them. He loves only Edna. Her heart pleads for him and itself. She does not yield. Edna visits her old home, and sees a monument erected by St. Elmo, to the memory of her grandfather. She goes to New York and becomes governess to Mrs. Andrews's children.

Douglas Manning calls on Miss Earl and offers assistance. Henceforth she will occupy a different position in the home. Felix objects. Edna goes to the opera with Mr. Manning. Mrs. Andrews Leigh, who tells her the rumor of St. Elmo's marriage to Estelle Harding. Standing by Murray Hammond's grave St. Elmo hears the aged father talking, and seeing St. Elmo, Mr. Hammond pleads with him. His magnanimity unnerves St. Elmo; he asks for forgiveness and promises to visit Mr. Hammond. Sir Roger Percival comes to see Edna and drive in the Park. She is the envy of every woman. A letter from Mrs. Murray announces the marriage of Gordon Leigh to Agnes Powell. Mr. Manning purchases a beautiful home and asks Edna to share it with him. He begs her to take a day or a week. If nothing, for consideration. She cannot accept his flattering offer. He will not forsake her as long as they both shall live.

Edna has a severe illness which causes alarm. Her physician advises rest. Edna rather die working than live a drone. Felix's feeble health compels Mrs. Andrews to take him to the seashore. Edna accompanies them. She receives a letter from Mrs. Murray. Mr. Hammond is very ill and needs Edna. She makes a desperate fight with her fainting heart, and in her utter loneliness turns to Felix—she must have someone to love. She knows that he loves her better than anything else in the world. If there is any good in him he thanks her for it. Sir Roger Percival comes to see Edna and tells her why he comes back to New York. Instead of sailing from Canada, Mrs. Andrews considers Edna the luckiest woman in America, and when she tells her Sir Roger sails tomorrow for England. Mrs. Andrews has no patience and, going upstairs, mutters, "Show me a gifted woman a genius and I will show you a fool." Mrs. Andrews returns to the city. Edna has another severe attack. She rallies and goes on with her work. Mrs. Murray comes to see Edna. Who has she not told her she is ill? Mrs. Murray would have been there before but is detained by Estelle's marriage. Edna looks vacantly and her lips whiten as she asks, "Did you say Estelle was married?" Estelle marries the Frenchman, Victor De Sarsse. Edna faints. Mrs. Murray takes her home. Why does she not tell St. Elmo that she loves her and wishes to make her his wife. Can she not trust the mother of the man she loves? Edna begs for pity. She visits Mr. Hammond, and receives a note from St. Elmo. She breaks the seal. He pleads for one hour with her. Gordon Leigh arrives. If Mr. Hammond needs Edna, will she return? Gordon Leigh passes a letter from Sir Roger. Gertrude asks Gordon a question. He replies with undisturbed impatience, and sees St. Elmo and the suffering shadows of deep contrition resting on his face. She returns to Felix. Mr. Manning calls and pleads for the ruin of her heart—the right to save her from toil. Doctor Howell prescribes a sea voyage for Felix. It is useless unless Edna goes. Her new novel appears. As they go through the Narrows Felix declares, "We shall never see the Neversink again."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THERE IS NO PARDON FOR DESERATED IDEALS.

"WORTHY? No, No! Unworthy! most worthy! But was Thomas worthy to tend the wandering sheep of Him, whose face to face he doubted? Was Peter worthy to preach the Gospel of Him, whom he had thrice indignantly denied? Was Paul worthy to become the Apostle of the Gentiles, teaching the doctrine of Him whose disciples he had persecuted and slaughtered? If the repentance of Peter and Paul availed to purify their hands and hearts, and sanctify them to the service of Christ, ah! God knows my contrition has been bitter and lasting enough to fit me for future usefulness. Eight months ago, when the desire to become a minister seized me so tenaciously, I wrestled with it, tried to crush it; arguing that the knowledge of my past life of sinfulness would prevent the world from trusting my professions. But those who even that I have understood my character, must know that I have been too utterly indifferent to, too unfortunately contemptuous of public opinion, to stoop to any deception in order to conciliate it. Moreover, the world will realize that in a mere worldly point of view, I can possibly hope to gain nothing by this step."

If I were poor, I might be accused of wanting the leaves and fishes of the profession; if unknown and ambitious, of seeking eminence and popularity. But when a man of my wealth and social position, after spending half of his life in luxurious ease and sinful indulgence, voluntarily subjects himself to the rigid abstemiousness and self-sacrificing requirements of a ministerial career, he cannot be suspected of hypocrisy. After all, sir, I care not for the discussion, the nine days' gossip and wonder, the gibes and comments my course may occasion. I am hearkening to the counsel of my conscience; I am obeying the dictates of my heart. Feeling that my God accepts me, it matters little that men may reject me. My remorse, my repentance, has been inexpressibly bitter; but the darkness has passed away, and today, thank God! I can pray with all the fervor and faith of my boyhood, when I knew that I was at peace with my Maker. Oblivion of the past I do not expect, and perhaps should not desire. I shall always wear my melancholy memories of sin, as Mussulmen wear their turban or pall—as a continual memento of death. Because I have proved so fully the inadequacy of earthly enjoyments to satisfy the demands of a soul; because I tried the alluring pleasures of sin, and was satisfied, ah! utterly sickened, I turned with panting eagerness to the cool, quiet peace which reigns over the life of a true Christian pastor. I want neither fame nor popularity, but peace! peace I must have! I have hunted the world over and over; I have sought it everywhere else, and now, thank God! I feel that it is descending slowly, slowly, but surely, upon my lonely, long-tortured heart. Thank God! I have found peace after much strife and great weariness."

Mr. Murray could no longer control his voice; and as he stood leaning against the mantelpiece at the parsonage, he dropped his head on his hand.

"St. Elmo, the purity of your motives will never be questioned, for none who knows you could believe you capable of desecrating this matter; and my heart can scarcely contain its joy when I look forward to your future, so bright with promise, so full of usefulness. The marked change in your manner during the past two years has prepared this community for the important step you are to take today, and your influence with young men will be incalculable. Once your stern bitterness rendered you an object of dread; now I find that you are respected, and people here watch your conduct with interest, and even with anxiety. Ah, St. Elmo! I never imagined earth held as much pure happiness as is my portion today. To see you one of God's anointed! To see you ministering in the temple! Oh! to know that when I am gone to rest you will take my place, guard my flock, do your own work and poor Murray's, and finish mine! This, this is indeed the crowning blessing of my old age."

For some minutes, Mr. Hammond sobbed; and, lifting his face, Mr. Murray answered: "As I think of the coming years consecrated to Christ, passed peacefully in endeavoring to atone for the injury and suffering I have inflicted on my fellow-creatures; oh! as the picture of a calm, useful, holy future rises before me, I feel indeed that I am unworthy most unworthy of my peace; but, thank God!"

"Oh! I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set; Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet."

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, just one year after Edna's departure, and the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, for people had come for many miles around to witness a ceremony, the announcement of which had given rise to universal comment. As the hour approached for the ordination of St. Elmo Murray to the ministry of Jesus Christ, even the doors were filled with curious spectators; and when Mr. Hammond and St. Elmo walked down the aisle, and the old man seated himself in a chair within the altar, there was a general stir in the congregation.

The officiating minister had come from a distant city to perform a ceremony of more than usual interest; and when he stood up in the pulpit, and the organ thundered through the arches, St. Elmo bowed his head on his hand, and sat thus during the hour that ensued.

The ordination sermon was solemn and eloquent, and preached from the text in Romans: "For when ye were the servants of sin, ye were free from righteousness. But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."

Then the minister, having finished his discourse, came down before the altar and commenced the services; but Mr. Murray sat motionless, with his countenance concealed by his hand. Mr. Hammond approached and touched him, and, as he rose, led him to the altar, and presented him as a candidate for ordination.

There, before the shining marble pulpit which he had planned and built in the early years of his life, for the idol of his youth, stood St. Elmo; and the congregation, especially those of his native village, looked with involuntary admiration and pride at the erect, powerful form, clad in its suit of black—at the nobly-proportioned head, where gray locks were visible.

"But if there be any of you who knoweth any impediment or crime for the which he ought not to be received into this holy ministry, let him come forth, in the name of God, and show what the crime or impediment is."

The preacher paused, the echo of his words died away, and perfect silence reigned. Suddenly St. Elmo raised his eyes from the railing of the altar, and turning his face slightly, looked through the eastern window at the ivy-draped vault, where slept Murray and Anne. The world was silent, but conscience and the dead accused him. An expression of intolerable pain crossed his handsome features, then his hands folded themselves tightly together on the top of the marble balustrade, and he looked appealingly up to the pale Jesus staggering under his cross.

At that instant a spotless white pigeon from the belfry found its way into the church through the open doors, circled once around the building, fluttered against the window, hiding momentarily the crown of thorns, and frightened and confused, fell upon the futed pillar of the pulpit.

An electric thrill ran through the congregation; and as the minister resumed the services, he saw on St. Elmo's face a light, a great joy, such as human countenances rarely wear this side of the grave.

When Mr. Murray knelt and the ordaining hands were laid upon his head, a sob was heard from the pew where his mother sat, and the voice of the preacher faltered as he delivered the Bible to the kneeling man, saying:

"Take thou authority to preach the word of God, and to administer the holy sacraments in the congregation."

There were no dry eyes in the entire assembly, save two that looked out, coldly blue, from the pew where Mrs. Powell sat like a statue, between her daughter and Gordon Leigh. Mr. Hammond tottered across the altar, and

knelt down close to Mr. Murray; and many who knew the history of the pastor's family, wept as the gray head fell on the broad shoulder of St. Elmo, whose arm was thrown around the old man's form, and the ordaining minister, with tears rolling over his face, extended his hands in benediction above them.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be among you, and remain with you always."

And all hearts and lips present whispered "Amen!" and the organ and the choir broke forth in a grand "Gloria in excelsis."

Standing there at the chancel, purified, consecrated henceforth unreservedly to Christ, Mr. Murray looked so happy, so noble, so worthy of his high calling, that his proud, fond mother thought his face was fit for an archangel's wings.

Many persons who had known him in his boyhood, came up with tears in their eyes, and wrung his hand silently. At last Huldah pointed to the white pigeon, that was now beating its wings against the gilded pipes of the organ, and said in that singularly sweet, solemn, hesitating tone, with which children approach sacred things:

"Oh, Mr. Murray! when it fell on the pulpit, it nearly took my breath away, for I almost thought it was the Holy Ghost."

Tears, which till then he had bravely kept back, dripped over his face, as he stooped and whispered to the little orphan:

"Huldah, the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, came indeed; but it was not visible, it is here in my heart."

The congregation dispersed. Mr. Murray and the preacher and Huldah went to the carriage; and, leaning on Mr. Murray's arm, Mr. Hammond turned to follow, but observing that the church was empty, the former said:

"After a little, I will come."

The old man walked on, and Mr. Murray went back and knelt, resting his head against the beautiful glittering balustrade, within which he hoped to efface through the remaining years of his earthly career.

Once the sexton, who was waiting to lock up the church, looked in, saw the man praying alone there at the altar, and softly stole away.

When St. Elmo came out, the churchyard seemed deserted; but as he crossed it, going homeward, a woman rose from one of the tombstones and stood before him—the yellow-haired, feeble, with supple eyes and soft, teacher's lips, who had goaded him to madness and blasted the best years of his life.

At sight of her he recoiled, as if a cobra had started up in his path.

"St. Elmo, my beloved! in the name of other days stop and hear me. By the memory of our early love, I entreat you!"

She came close to him, and the alabaster face was marvelously beautiful in its expression of suffering sweetness.

"St. Elmo, can you never forgive me for the evil I caused you in my giddy girlhood?"

She took his hand and attempted to raise it to her lips; but shaking off her touch, he stepped back, and steadily they looked in each other's eyes.

"Agnes, I forgive you. May God pardon your sins, as He has pardoned mine!"

He turned away, but she seized his coat-sleeve and threw herself before him, standing with both hands clasping his arm.

"If you mean what you say, there is happiness yet in store for us. Oh, St. Elmo! how often have I longed to come and lay my head down on your bosom, and tell you all. But you were so stern and harsh I was afraid. Today when I saw you melted, when the look of your boyhood came dancing back to your dear eyes, I was encouraged to hope that your heart had softened also toward one, who so long possessed it. Is there hope for your poor Agnes? Hope that the blind, silly girl, who ignorant of the value of the treasure, slighted and spurned it, may indeed be pardoned, when, as a woman realizing her folly, and sensible at last of the nobility of a nature she once failed to appreciate, she comes and says—what it is so hard for a woman to say—'Take me back to your heart, gather me in your arms, as in the olden days, because—I love you now; because only your love can make me happy.' St. Elmo, we are no longer young; but believe me when I tell you that at last—at last—your own Agnes loves you as she never loved anyone, even in her girlhood. Once I preferred my cousin Murray to you; but think how giddy I must have been, when I could marry before a year had settled the sod on his grave? I did not love my husband, but I married him for the same reason that I would have married you then. And yet for this there is some palliation. It was to save my father from disgrace that I sacrificed myself; for money entrusted to his keeping—money belonging to his orphan ward—had been used by him in a ruinous speculation, and only prompt payment could prevent exposure. Remember I was so young, so vain, so thoughtless then! St. Elmo, pity me! take me back to your heart! God is my witness that I do love you entirely now! Dearest, say, 'Agnes, I will forgive all, and trust you and love you as in the days of our past.'"

She tried to put her arms up around his neck and to rest her head on his shoulder; but he resisted and put her at arm's length from him. Holding her there, he looked at her with a cold scorn in his eyes, and a heavy shadow darkening the brow that five minutes before had been so calm, so bright.

"Agnes, how dare you attempt to deceive me after all that has passed between us? Oh, woman! in the name of all true womanhood I could blush for you!"

She struggled to free herself, to get closer to him, but his stern grasp was relentless; and as tears poured down her cheeks, she clasped her hands and sobbed out:

"You do not believe that I really love you! Oh! do not look at me so harshly! I am not deceiving you; as I hope for pardon and rest for my soul—as I hope to see my father's face in heaven—when I spoke to you about Gertrude, it cost me a dreadful pang; but I thought you loved her because she resembled me; and for my child's sake I crushed my own hopes—I wanted, if possible, to save her from suffering. But you only upbraided and heaped savage sarcasms upon me. Oh, St. Elmo! if you could indeed see my poor heart, you would not look so cruelly cold. You ought to know that I am terribly in earnest when I can stoop to beg for the ruins of a heart, which in its freshness I once threw away, and trampled on."

He had seen her weep before, when it suited her purpose, and he only smiled and answered: "Yes, Agnes, you ruined it and trampled it in the mire of sin; but I have rebuilt it, and by the mercy of God, I hope I have purified it. Look you, woman! when you overtook the temple, you crumbled your own image that was set up there; and I long, long ago swept out and gave to the hungry winds the despoiled dust of the broken idol, and over my heart you can relate no more! The only queen it has known since that awful night, twenty-three years ago,

when my faith, hope, charity were all strangled in an instant by the velvet hand I had kissed in my doting fondness—the only queen my heart has acknowledged since then, is one who, in her purity soars like an angel above you and me, and her dear name is—Edna Earl."

"Edna Earl!—a puritanical fanatic! Nay, a Pharisee! A cold, prudish, heartless blue! A woman with some brain and no feeling, who loves nothing but her own fame, and has no sympathy with your nature. St. Elmo, are you insane! Did you not see that letter from Estelle to your mother, stating that she, Edna, would certainly be married in February to the celebrated Mr. Manning, who was then on his way to Rome to meet her? Did you see that letter?"

"I did."

"And discredit it? Blindness, madness, equal to my own in the days gone by! Edna Earl exists no longer; she was married a month ago. Here, read for yourself, or you will believe that I fabricate the whole."

She held a newspaper before his eyes and he saw a paragraph, marked with a circle of ink, "Marriage in Literary Circles."

"The very reliable correspondent of the New York—writes from Rome that the Americans now in that city are on the qui vive concerning a marriage announced to take place on Thursday next at the residence of the American Minister. The very distinguished parties are Miss Edna Earl, the gifted and exceedingly popular young authoress, whose works have given her an enviable reputation, even on this side of the Atlantic, and Mr. Douglas G. Manning, the well-known and able editor of the—Magazine. The happy pair will start immediately after the ceremony, on a tour through Greece and the Holy Land."

Mr. Murray opened the paper, glanced at the date, and his swarthy face paled as he put his hands over his eyes.

Mrs. Powell came nearer, and once more touched his hand; but, with a gesture of disgust, he pushed her aside.

"Away! Not a word—not one word more! You are not worthy to take my darling's name upon your lips! She may be Manning's wife—God forbid it!—or she may be in her grave. I have lost her, I know, but if I never see her dear angel face again in this world, it will be in consequence of my sins, and of yours; and with God's help I mean to live out the remainder of my days, so that at last I shall meet her in eternity! Leave me, Agnes! Do not make me forget the vows I have today taken upon myself, in the presence of the world and of my Maker. In future, keep out of my path, which will never cross yours; do not rouse the old hate toward you, which I am faithfully striving to overcome. The first time I went to the communion-table, after the lapse of all those dreary years of sin and despair, I asked myself: 'Have I a right to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper?—can I face God and say I forgive Agnes Powell?' Finally, after a hard struggle, I said, from the depths of my heart, 'Even as I need and hope for forgiveness myself, I do fully forgive her.' Mark you, it was my injuries that I pardoned, your treachery that I forgave. But recollect there is a mournful truth in these words—There is no pardon for desecrated ideals! Once, in the flush of my youth, I selected you as the beau ideal of beautiful, perfect womanhood; but you fell from that lofty pedestal where my ardent, boyish love set you for worship, and you dragged me down, down, almost beyond the pale of God's mercy! I forgive all my wrongs, but 'take you back, love you? Ah! I can never love anyone, I never, even in my boyhood, loved you, as I love my pure darling, my own Edna! Her memory is all I have to cheer and strengthen me in my lonely work. I do not believe that she is married; no, no, but she is in her grave. For many days past I have been oppressed by a horrible presentiment that she has gone to her rest in Christ—that the next steamer will bring me the tidings of her death. Do not touch me, Agnes! If there be any truth in what you have today asserted so solemnly (though I cannot believe it, for if you ridiculed and disliked me in my noble youth, how can you love the same man in the melancholy wreck of his hopes?), if here be a shadow of truth in your words, you are indeed to be pitied. Ah! you and I have learned at a terrible price the deceitfulness of riches, the hollowness of this world's pleasures; and both have writhed under the poisonous fangs that always dart from the dregs of the cup of sin, which you and I have drained. Experience must have taught you, Agnes, what I was so long in learning—the utter hopelessness of love. Edna, Edna, and soul save only through the religion, which so far subdues even my sinful, vindictive, satanic nature, that I can say to you—you who blasted all my earthly happiness—I forgive you my sufferings, and hope that God will give you that pardon and comfort which after awful conflicts I have found at last. Several times you have thrust yourself into my presence; but if there remains any womanly delicacy in your nature, you will avoid me henceforth when I tell you that I loathe the sight of one whose unwomanliness stabbed my trust in womanhood, and sunk me so low that I lost Edna. Edna, Agnes, go yonder—where I have spent so many hours of agony—yonder to the grave of your victims as well as mine. Go down on your knees yonder, and pray for yourself, and may God help you!"

He pointed to the gray vault and the slab that covered Anne and Murray Hammond; disengaging her fingers, which still clutched his sleeve, he turned quickly and walked away.

Her mournful eyes, strained wide and full of tears, followed him all his form was no longer visible; and sinking down on the monument, whence she had risen at his approach—she shrouded her fair, delicate features, and rocked herself to and fro.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED."

"How lovely! Oh! I did not think there was any place half so beautiful this side of heaven!"

With his head on his mother's bosom, Felix lay near the window of an upper room, looking out over the Gulf of Genoa.

"Lift me up, mamma! higher, higher yet. I want to see the sun. There! it has gone—gone down into the sea. I can't bear to see it set today. It seemed to say good by to me just then. Oh, mamma, mamma! I don't want to die. The world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet up here in the sunshine and the starlight, and it is so cold and dark down there in the grave. Oh! where is Edna? Tell her to come quick and sing something to me."

The cripple shuddered and shut his eyes. He had wasted away, until he looked a mere shadow of humanity, and his governess stooped and took him from his mother's arms, as if he were a baby.

"Edna, talk to me! Oh! don't let me get afraid to die. I—"

She laid her lips on his, and after a moment she began to repeat the apocalyptic vision of heaven:

"And there shall be no night there; and they need no cradle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever."

"But, Edna, the light does not shine down there in the grave. If you could go with me—"

"A better and kinder friend will go with you, dear Felix."

She sang with strange pathos "The Lord is my Shepherd."

As she reached that part where the words, "shadow of death," are repeated, the weak, quivering voice of the sick boy joined hers; and, when she ceased, the great dread had passed away forever.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)





BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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## For the Boys

THE letter which heads "Correspondence" is my excuse for deserting the poultry-yard this month, and as mothers, whose boys take up useful occupations during the long summer holidays will be spared a lot of small worries, I feel sure of being forgiven.

One of the good points about pigeon raising, for boys who have to be away at school, is that food can be left before them all the time. They won't overeat, as chickens do. Another advantage is that the old birds take all the trouble and responsibility of the young ones.

One of the chief dangers to which pigeons are subject is rats. To insure safety from these vicious pests it is best to get four strong cedar posts, four feet long, sink them two feet into the ground, and stand the coops on them like a corn crib. When the inside of your coop is fitted up, you will know how many birds it will accommodate, for each pair must have a box two feet long, one foot deep, and the same high, with a partition through the middle, making two compartments, each a foot square, with a six-inch platform projecting in front.

These boxes can be fitted in tiers, from floor to roof, all around the coop or house used for the pigeons. Empty egg-crates are just about the size, and have the partitions already in them. If you can possibly afford it, get earthenware nests; they cost only fifteen cents each, and are better than anything else, being just the right size and shape, and can be quickly and thoroughly cleaned by washing in boiling water. If you can't afford them, make boxes eight inches square and three inches deep.

When all the carpentering is done, give the inside of the coop, boxes and nests (unless the latter are earthenware), a coat of thick white-wash; cover the floor with sand; get a box six inches square, make a lid of a piece of wire netting and fill with coarse, sharp grit, standing it in one corner. Pigeons, like all birds, depend on grit to grind their food, having no teeth. The wire cover is to prevent the birds from getting into the box and scattering the contents on the floor. A box for feed should be fixed in the same way.

A drinking fountain is another requisite for the coop. Zinc ones can be bought for thirty-five cents, or you can make quite a good one. Take a strong tin, such as tomatoes come in. Stand it out end down on the stove, until the heat loosens the solder, when you can push off the end rim, leaving a smooth edge, from which measure half an inch, and there make a hole, the size of a pea. Then get a pie plate, half an inch larger all round than the can; fill it with water, put the plate on top, hold it firmly pressed, then turn it quickly upside down, and you will have a self-feeding drinking fountain as serviceable as any that can be bought.

Hang up a bundle of hay or straw in a corner for the birds to use in nest building. Another old pan should contain old mortar, or air-slacked lime and rock salt broken up and mixed.

The yard for, say, five pairs, should be twenty-five feet long and ten feet wide. Such a coop as we have been making will probably stand, when on the posts, about ten feet high, so, if you fasten a pole to each front corner, three feet higher than the roof of the coop, and to all the posts around the yard eight feet above the ground, the roof will be inclosed. This makes a fine resting and sunning place for the birds. Of course the yard must be wire-netted all round, over the top as well as at the sides. One roll of two-inch mesh netting, forty-eight inches wide, costing about \$4, will cut to the best advantage for a yard of the above dimensions.

When you buy your stock, get good, pure Homers in pairs, ready mated. Pigeons are very faithful, remaining paired for years. If accident separates them, it's often impossible to get either of them to accept strange mates that season. Avoid having odd birds; it causes fights which destroy the nesting.

If you should have to pair birds yourself, put them in a two-compartment cage. If you haven't one, make a division with wire netting, through the middle of a case, three feet long, with a netting door to cover the whole front. Put a bird in each compartment, and when they kiss and coo through the netting, they can be put together for two or three days; after which it will be safe to put them in the breeding-house. They will soon commence to build their nests by carrying a few bits of hay, or whatever the nesting material may be, into one of the earthenware or wooden nests.

The hen bird lays two eggs, with one day between. Sixteen to eighteen days are required to hatch. Both the old birds have the power to create a digested food, almost a liquid, called by fanciers "pigeons' milk", with which they feed the young for four or five days. Then they are gradually accustomed to grain and grit.

About the fifteenth day the nest in the second compartment is built, and again the mother bird lays two eggs and proceeds to incubate them, leaving the first pair of babies principally to the care of the male, until, at the end of thirty days, you relieve him by taking them for market.

This double family continues all through the year with good Homers, well cared for, excepting when they are moulting.

Red wheat and cracked corn mixed is the best food to keep permanently before pigeons. Twice or thrice a week give a special feed as a treat, of Canada peas, hemp-seed, stale bread, Kaffir corn. When there are squabs in the nest, crack the peas, or the old ones might give the babies more of the whole ones than they could digest.

## Rabbits

The hutch should be two and a half feet long, two feet wide, and a foot and a half high. Make a frame of shingle slabs just the size of the front, and cover with one-inch wire netting; attach to one end a big hinge, top and bottom; at the other, catch a wire to act as a fastener. This is the most convenient kind of a door, because it leaves the whole front open for cleaning.

In the doe's hutch, another box, a foot square, the top hinged like a lid, and in front an arched hole six inches high and five wide, must be cut, so Bunny can go in and out to make her nest, and attend to her babies. Two small butter crocks, at five cents each, make the best feed and water dishes.

Mr. Bunny must have a house all to himself, because he is always very cross to the little ones. When they are six weeks old, the mother can be allowed to visit him for a day, and then the babies must be put into another hutch, or sold, and the mother's quarters thoroughly whitewashed all through, including the nest box.

The floor of the hutch should have a thick layer of sawdust, or common bedding hay, whichever is the easier to procure. No matter which is used, it must all be cleared out twice a week, and fresh bedding supplied, for rabbits must be kept clean. In fact, there is the secret of success with all animals.

Mrs. Bunny must have an extra supply of bedding, because she carries it in her mouth to the nest box until she fills it; then she makes a hole, about four inches in circumference, right in the center. This she lines with hair that she plucks from her own breast, and sides, to make the nesting-place for her babies soft and warm—very necessary in this case, for it is nine days before they get their coats, or open their eyes; and during that time, not a hint does she give you of their existence. She even closes the opening to the hole with hay, and pretends to have no interest in it at all. About the tenth day you will get glimpses of little staggering bodies, running to hide in their nest when you go to feed them. They are about "teen days old before they really play about the hutch, and have courage enough to be looked at.

Food for old ones can be grass, plantain, dandelion, oak leaves, lettuce, and almost all green garden stuffs, as long as they last, and a small handful of oats once a day.

In the winter, try oats and corn mixed, apple, carrot, tops of celery, etc. Avoid turnips and cabbage, because they make the odor from the hutches very strong; and cabbage is most dangerous for young ones, giving them what is called "pot-belly". The rule about all vegetable food is to watch the droppings, which should be round, dry pellets; if they are soft or run together, stop greens and grass, feeding only hay or oats, and weak, cold tea to drink. A piece of stale bread, or dry toast, is also good.

Mamma Bunny should have a little bread and milk every day, from the time she builds her nest until the babies are three weeks old. Carrot is good for her, too. About a week before you take the little ones away, give her a sprig of parsley every other day.

When the young ones are ten days old, put a flat dish on the floor of the hutch filled with rolled oats; the entire rough grain with the hulls on is too coarse for them.

Occasionally, to supply pieces of hickory or oak with the bark on is good; so is an acorn a natural tonic. Once a week the drinking water needs a pinch of salt, or the oats can be steeped in salt and water for twelve hours, strained, spread out, dried, then used.

If you follow this method of feeding, you will have lots of young ones for sale, and no deaths to mourn over. Remember, too, the old-time idea that rabbits don't want water is cruelty to animals; they are thirsty little people as you will find.

## Correspondence

A Farm Boy.—I am eleven years old, and want to make some money of my own. Mother says I can have a little house and shed that is near the barn, and I want to sell squabs and white rabbits. Could you please tell me how to raise them? I can sell all I can raise in the town. Another boy, who is nine, will go in with me. You once wrote a piece about a boy who made a lot with chickens, but father won't have any more chickens on our place. I hope you will answer this soon, as we are in a hurry to know, and another boy wants to know, too.

"Poultry Farming for Women" shall be all turn to the beginning, read all through, and I think you will know how to raise and care for them. Write me again if you want any more help.

F. M.—I bought a pair of pheasants last fall, and the hen has commenced to lay. I am going to set the eggs under a bantam hen. Please tell me how long they take to hatch, and how the little ones should be fed. (2) Can I hatch geese eggs in the same incubator as the hens eggs? and if not, why? (3) When the young pheasants get old enough to leave the hen can they be put into the same yard as the old birds?

A.—Pheasants' eggs take from twenty-five to twenty-six days to hatch. Feed nothing for twenty-four hours, then, boiled custard beat one egg and add . . . to a pint of milk, just as it comes to the boiling point. Stir over the fire until it thickens. Stand aside to cool. Mix one tablespoonful with the same quantity of the following ingredients: Crushed mustard seed, crushed hulled oats, one teaspoonful of maw seed (poppy seed), same of chopped green onion tops. Feed every two hours, between 5.30 A. M. and 4.30 P. M., for the first week; after which, pot cheese, pinhead oatmeal, crushed wheat, coarse corn meal well steamed, finely chopped lettuce or onions and boiled liver can be gradually added to the bill of fare, and the custard dropped out. Meat, vegetables, and fruits are all necessary, as they grow older. Ant eggs, tent caterpillars, and all small plant insects are enjoyed, and should be fed whenever they can be found. (2) No, you can't successfully hatch geese and hens' eggs at the same time in an incubator. I can't give you all the reasons in this column, but the principal ones are as follows: Geese eggs need more moisture and take longer to incubate. It would be impossible to maintain the correct degree of heat in the machine, when the hen chicks were removed. (3) The half-grown pheasants will do better in an inclosure alone. Keep the hen with the little ones as long as she will stay. The wire round the yard for young pheasants must not be more than half-inch mesh, or they will get out.

W. J. M.—Is there anyway to prevent hens fighting on the nest? I have had two sets of eggs broken. My neighbor says that if I remove the hen to another place, she will stop wanting to set.

A.—If hens are allowed to set in the chicken house, I know of no way to prevent other hens

trying to get into the nest to lay, which is usually the cause of fights and broken eggs; but I don't agree with your neighbor, for we always move broody hens, after dark, and set them in a small house kept especially for their occupation, giving them china eggs at first, until sure that they really mean business, then changing them for the real eggs; and seldom find that it makes any difference to a good setter. And any other sort is better found out at once, for a flighty hen will make a bad mother, even if she hatches the eggs.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

a place of pleasure. Those who are too poor to pay rent are housed on the race track at Ingleside or the Speedway of Golden Gate Park, the prettiest park of the city, and I hope in time it will be once more the same beautiful place of trees and flowers.

Now, dear sisters, I think I have said more than I should, many thanks for kind attention, as I feel I have taken advantages, so will close with kindest regards and success to COMFORT and the sisters, I remain, a loving niece of Uncle Charlie's.

MISS CARRIE VAN WIE, 111 Collins St., San Francisco, California.

Estelle P.—Don't blame J. A. D. for not answering you before. She did her part, but this is the first opportunity we have had to use her letter, our columns have been so crowded.

—EDITOR.

## MY DEARS:

Estelle Poynter wishes that someone would write up an article on goats, and bees, two very interesting and profitable animals to keep, and by the way, too. First, there are many different kinds of goats, among them being the Syrian, Angora and Cashmere, all remarkable for the greater length and fineness of their hair. The Angora can be and are kept extensively in our own country; they can be clipped annually, the hair being used for knife handles, and the fat is said to be superior to that of the ox for candles.

A work on goats, their habits, care, can be found in most any library, and any one accustomed to the rearing of sheep, would have no trouble with goats. The common domestic goat is not to be despised by any means, they can endure both heat and cold, and are not subject to so many diseases as the sheep. The flesh of the goat is good, that of the kid deemed a great delicacy in some sections, and the milk is very rich and nutritious, more easy of digestion than that of the cow, and is often given to consumptive patients; some goats yield as much as four quarts of milk daily, though the average quantity is more nearly two. Both cheese and butter are made of goats' milk; they have a peculiar, though not disagreeable flavor. And did you know that the belligerent Billy Goat is easily conquered if his beard can only be grasped, and when he is thus captured he yields at once to his conqueror, assumes a downcast air, and bleats in a very pitiful tone, as if asking for mercy? They are good weather prophets, always seeking shelter before the advent of a storm. They will clear a farm of weeds, and their skins are valuable for making gloves and the finer kind of shoes.

Bee keeping is certainly a very remunerative, instructive, and interesting occupation. One can get the observation lives now and watch the little things at their work. Books on their care and treatment can be had, which will tell how to prevent swarming. The up-to-date bee of today does not swarm, and let me tell you, Estelle, that the bee does not gather honey; all that has been exploded, they gather the juice from the flowers, and after it is swallowed by the bee turns into honey. When a bee goes out on a honey-making expedition it depends a great deal upon its tongue, which is very long and slender, and is covered all over with stiff little hairs, so that it looks just like a tiny brush. With this the bee sweeps out the nectar from the blossoms into its mouth, and goes on swallowing mouthful after mouthful, until it can swallow no more. But the nectar does not pass into the digestive organs and serve as food; it passes into a little pouch, just inside the lower part of the body, which is called the "honey-bag"; when this bag is full the bee flies off to its hive, and by the time it arrives there the contents of the bag has been turned into honey. But if a bee is fed sugar and water it will not turn into honey, it is simply plain sugar and water. How nicely and neatly they will cap over the little cells in the honey-comb; all this can be seen and studied if one has an observation hive. A nervous, quick-moving person should not go into the bee business; one's movements should be slow and easy, it would be well to begin with one swarm, and as they increase one's experience broadens, and expands—go slow at first. They are not a success in all parts of the country even where the wild flower bloom is extensive.

Now please do not think, friends, that "J. A. D." is an expert on bees, and that a letter written to her will bring you all the information as to how to make a fortune on them in return for your stamped envelope. Mr. "J. A. D." has dabbled a little in them, but they are put up on a high shelf at present, and we do not pose as bee experts.

There are many ways a woman can make a living in the country, and men to, and how much better off they and their families would be, working out in the pure, sweet air than shut up in the germ-laden, foul atmosphere of some city tenement house. "Women and children have to work so hard in the country," so they do, but what is the difference, they are being slowly murdered in the cities, by the above conditions; they seldom own the roof over their heads, which is one satisfaction in the country. Homes are cheap enough now in many sections of our dear, old New England states, where there are so many old and abandoned farms, which after resting for so long are as good as new. What crops can be raised on some of those farms that have lain idle for years. Like people, land needs a rest, and these places have had it, and now a rose, and these places have had it, and now a rose, and these places have had it, and now a rose, could be made to bloom like a rose. Many men or women, working on a small salary, with practically no home, could, with a little head and bodily work, own their own place, a little house and a few acres of land, on which could be raised berries, nearly all kinds, rhubarb and vegetables; the first year set out a few good fruit trees, get a few hens and start a small poultry plant. A man could have a strong pair of horses, and neither he nor the horses need be idle if the nearby farmer knew they could work. Only think of having real cream, milk, and all the sweet golden butter one could use, hot biscuits for tea with some pure comb honey, that one's very own bees had made, and if there are maple trees on the place (as is the case nearly all over New England), what lovely maple syrup can be manufactured, right at home, which does not cost anything but the labor. John, after reading this put on your thinking cap, and think real hard.

Florence. I wish all my girls and boys could read all of your letter, but I am going to let them see part of it. "We have been married just a little over a year (W & C I), and we have a homestead, twenty acres cleared, we have built about a mile of fence, made fifty-two hundred palings, have about two acres of land for a potato patch. I help him, and he helps me. I helped him saw nearly all the logs up our cabin, and also helped him draw the logs up on the walls of the cabin." What a pity that more of our young people just starting out do not emulate this young couple.

Theresa Blaschke's address is Beeville, Texas. Carrie. Yours received, but my correspondence is way behind, owing to my illness, so I cannot write for a time. I am glad you and baby are better. Let us live on fruit, and our good fresh vegetables, instead of heavy greasy meats this warm weather. Get up early and do all we can



Amatile is built of materials that have been tested and tested under every possible weather condition—each part is tested—the whole is tested before it goes to you. Is that done with shingles, tin or ordinary ready roofings? How many bad shingles do you find in a bundle? How often do you have to paint or coat the smooth ready roofings to keep them tight? Think about these things—and when you need a new roof, you'll buy Amatile—the roofing with a real mineral surface, which does away with painting and repairs. Any one can lay it—no skilled labor required.

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in the cool of the day, resting during the intense heat. Let us take COMFORT, read St. Elmo, and keep cool.

"J. A. D." (MRS. VAN DYKE), R. F. D., 1, Orange, Mass.

## Miscellaneous Requests

Will some of the sisters send me the September and October numbers of COMFORT for 1906. I will return favor in any way I can.

MAMIE POTTS, Austin, Lander Co., Nev.

Can anyone send me the recitation "Convict's Soliloquy." I will return favor in some way. MRS. VINA SILLMAN, Box 72, Fowler, R. F. D., 22, Mich.

Mrs. Emma Nigg, Box 78, Mt. Vernon, R. F. D., 12, Ind. Blocks ten by ten inches, with name, and address of senders on cards.

Bertha Orris, Millerstown, Pa. Silk, satin or velvet pieces, and also patterns for making stuffed animals.

Jennie Campbell, Plumsteadville, Pa. Bleached muslin, one and one half inches wide by twelve inches long, with name, address and age of senders written in pencil.

Ida V. Smith, Box 36, Piney Creek, R. F. D., 1, N. C. Pieces of ribbon one yard long and three inches wide, any color. Favors returned.

Mrs. Harlow Carter, Box 21, Grant, R. F. D., 1, Va. Silk, satin or velvet pieces.

Mrs. Wm. Roeger, 1018 Elmwood Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind. Pieces of silk ribbon, with name and address of senders worked on each, for a friendship quilt.

Mrs. Effie Ballard, Keller, Ind. Ter. Pieces of any kind for patchwork.

I would like to receive letters from some of the sisters in Oklahoma, California, and New Mexico. Mrs. ORA B. TEEPLE, Box 33, Crocker, Missouri.

Miss Emma Caldwell, Grand Chain, Ill., would like to hear from someone living on Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Miss Alice Blackburn, Schofield, Wis. Pieces of silk, or velvet for a log cabin quilt.

E. Chisholm, Zion City, Ill. I hardly think your proposition would be a paying one.

Mrs. Rosie Rine, 1419 Nava Road, Antigo, Wis., states that she has a few Job's tears which she will send as long as they last, to anyone sending a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Miss Tillie Link, 6704 Clayton Rd., St. Louis, Mo., kindly offers to send flower seeds to all who send a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Miss Ida Jerome, 820 29th St., Oakland, Cal., makes this request:

Can any one of the sisters let me have COMFORTS from last June till the ending of the story named, "The Stress of Circumstances." I will take good care of them and return as safe as I receive them, and pay all postage.

Miss Ida Rounds. I regret I am unable to insert your request. Look at the rules given above, governing these columns.

Will some sisters please send me a root of hops. I will return all favors. MRS. MARY REDDERS, Bay City, Sta. A., R. F. D., 4, Michigan.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



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# Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

the incurables, are the most forlorn of all God's creatures. All the hospitals in New York and Brooklyn have this sentence printed on their circulars: "No chronic cases taken." You must die or get well. If you can't do either of these you are hustled to the poor-house, which is always crowded, and probably you are compelled to lie on a mattress on the floor, and the orderlies don't forget to remind you that you are a pauper, and your associates are the dregs of humanity. Shut-ins—poor souls—struggle desperately to keep out of these homes as long as they possibly can, and nearly all have to earn their living by hook or by crook. I know one woman in Pennsylvania who hasn't had a new mattress in ten years, and the one she has is a cheap affair that is as hard as iron, and full of cruel ridges—a veritable bed of torture, and on this she lies and suffers year in and year out. Will Kinter tries to help himself all he possibly can, poor boy, he is worthy of your help and loving sympathy. Send ten cents for his art booklet. I have one, and it is a pretty artistic affair, though he can't profit much by its sale. Do what you can for him, and for the others whose names are listed below, and God won't forget you, for this is God's work.

A cousin from North Carolina, having made an ethnological discovery wishes to tell us about it.

LOCUST, N. C., March 20, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am fourteen, have dark hair, blue eyes and am five feet tall, have a smiling face, and always ready for a joke.

Uncle Charlie, this is certainly a beautifully country. It is generally level with the exception of some hills.

We raise cotton, corn, wheat, potatoes and different varieties of fine fruits. Some of the largest strawberries in the world are grown in Eastern N. C. Our home is located in the southwestern part of N. C.

I have one sister and two brothers. My father is a merchant.

Where the present town of Whitney now stands, two years ago there was nothing save the heavy timbered hills, known as the Yaddin banks. Whitney now has a population of two thousand or more, consisting of almost every nationality, such as Chinese, Russians, Japanese, Europeans, and Italians, etc. Whitney has one of the largest electric plants of its kind in the Union.

The Gylpale contracting company is to cut a canal and to build the dam across the river for the sum of \$7,500,000. The dam is three hundred yards long, seventy-five feet thick at the bottom, and twenty-five at the top. The first rock that was laid in constructing the dam weighed twenty tons. The canal is three miles long and walled with granite. There are several large steam shovels used that fill a car with one shovel full. Three miles down the river from the dam is a five hundred thousand horse power power house. This building is forty by eighty feet, two stories high; the walls are four feet in thickness.

Uncle Charlie, come down and bring the cousins, and we will go fishing on the Swannee river. There is most every kind of fish you can think of, from tadpoles up to alligators.

I must close, as it is now ten o'clock, and all is silent except the cry of the whippoorwill and the low chirrup of the Southern mockingbird.

I remain your loving nephew and cousin,

DANIEL D. TREKRE (No. 15,662).

Dan, you've written a very good letter, though I had to do quite a little fixing before it could go to print. For instance, you said you had blue eyes five feet tall, but Toby who went by special train to Locust, reported that your eyes only measured three feet from basement to roof, so I edited your letter, and made it read somewhat as I believe you intended it to. You say yours is a "beautifully" country. One more like that, and you'll have us in the Willie House. I am glad your country is on the level, and I'm surprised the hills are not level also, but such things will happen. You say your "father" is a merchant. That is the first time I ever knew an adjective could go into business. Toby says you mean father, and are referring to a parent, and not a distance, and a parently he is correct. Now about the inhabitants of Whitney. Who in the name of all that's wonderful are the Chinese. Where do they come from, and what are they like? Your fortune is made if you can catch a real live Chinese and get him to the Jintown Exposition. I note you don't class Italians as Europeans, and the Black Hand Society are vowing vengeance for the way you've slighted them. Dan, you'd better get in that half a million horse power power house and hide behind those forty-eight inch walls, or you'll be dangling on the point of a stiletto. I am so busy, Dan, I can't accept your invitation to fish for fish, but Billy the Goat will come and inspect your dam site. Billy wants to see that steam shovel at work, as he'd like to make a deal with the dam contractor, and shovel those twenty tons of rocks into his interior for a couple of hours before breakfast every morning. He thinks with a foundation like that he could enjoy his meals so much better. Maria is busy fixing Billy's supper of goat stew. It consists of shredded cans, boiled rocks, pickled glass, fried nails, hashed wire, minced rails, warmed over and served with goat butter. It is a lovely dish, and to hear it rattling against Billy's ribs as he shovels it into his tank, would make a brass monkey want to chew his own tail off.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impute no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

## How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engraved with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our general secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

## League Sunshine and Work of Mercy for July

Eva L. Stevens, Greenville, Ala. Poor colored girl, shut-in, will be grateful for letters and cheer. Bennett Van Fossan (22), Cove, Ohio, is a terrible sufferer from heart and kidney trouble, and without means. The League has helped him a little, but further aid is urgently needed, so he can have treatment. Elton Andrews of Circleville, Ohio, the poor boy who lost his leg, is delighted with the letters and help he has received from COMFORT. The nurse of the institution has banked the money sent him, and his prospects of getting that artificial limb are excellent. Lulu Thornburgh, Patterson, Mo., is ever so grateful for the cheer and comfort sent her. Her birthday was June 7th—better call it July 7th, and give you a chance to remember her, as I forgot it. Walter New, Webb, Miss., little boy of eight, hasn't walked in a year, would like picture postals. Miss Azubah Lee, Dunn, R. F. D., 2, N. C., is a great sufferer. Oranges are the only fruit she can eat. She will gladly pay freight if they can be sent to her in quantities. They are too expensive in her section for her to buy. Remember her. Fred W. Bizell, Newton Grove, N. C. Fred and his uncle, Hector Bizell are both helpless from rheumatism. Help them forget their troubles. Louise J. Wise, Dillon, What is your State, you did not give it? Josie Sullivan and Carlton Honey, both sixteen, and living at Ravenden, Ark., are helpless from rheumatism. Josie has no father, brother or sisters. Both would like letters, and cheer of any kind. Mae Brown (25), Clinton, Ark. Shut-in, refined, educated girl, wants someone to help her take up a timber claim. The timber is very valuable, and it will mean independence and happiness, everything, in fact, that makes life worth living for her.

There's the list, and the rest is up to you. Do your best, angels can do no more.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

## ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

Anxious to divert his thoughts, she put into his hand a bunch of orange flowers and violets, which had been sent to her that day by Mr. Manning; and taking a book from the bed, she resumed the reading of "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," to which the invalid had never wearied of listening.

While she was standing before a table, preparing some nourishment to be given to him during the night, Mrs. Andrews came close to her, and whispered:

"Do you see much change? Is he really worse, or do my fears magnify every bad symptom?"

"He is much exhausted, but I trust the stimulants will revive him. You must go to bed early, and get a good sound sleep, for you look worn out. I will awake you if I see any decided change in him."

Mrs. Andrews hung for some time over her child's pillow, arranging him, saying tender, soothing, motherly things; and, after a while, she and Hattie kissed him, and went into the adjoining room, leaving him to the care of one whom he loved better than all the world beside.

At length silence reigned through the marble palaces, and Edna rose to place the small lamp in an alabaster vase.

As she did so, something flew into her face, and fluttered to the edge of the vase, and as she attempted to brush it off, she started back, smothering a cry of horror. It was the Death's Head Moth; and there, upon its breast, appallingly distinct, grinned the ghastly, gray human skull. Twice it circled rapidly round the vase, uttering strange, stridulous sounds, then floated up to the canopy overhanging Felix's bed, and poised itself on the carved frame, waiting and flapping its wings, vulture-like. Shuddering from head to foot, notwithstanding the protest which reason offered against superstition, the governess sat down to watch the boy's slumber.

His eyes were closed, and she hoped that he slept; but presently he feebly put out his skeletal hand and took hers.

"Edna, mamma cannot hear me, can she?"

"She is asleep, but I will wake her if you wish it."

"No, she would only begin to cry, and that would worry me. Edna, I want you to promise me one thing—"

"When you all go back home, don't leave me here; take me with you, and lay my poor little deformed body in the ground at 'The Willows,' where the sea will sing over me. We were so happy there! I always thought I should like my grave to be under the tallest willow, where our canary's cage used to hang. Edna, I don't think you will live long—I almost hope you won't—and I want you to promise me, too, that you will tell them to bury us close together, so that the very moment I rise out of my grave, on the day of judgment, I will see your face! Sometimes, when I think of the millions and millions that will be pressing up for their trial before God's throne, on that great, awful day, I am afraid I might lose or miss you in the crowd, and never find you again; but, you know, if our coffin touch, you can stretch out your hand to me as you rise, and we can go together. Oh! I want your face to be the last I see here, and the first—yonder."

He raised his fingers slowly, and they fell back wearily on the coverlet.

"Don't talk so, Felix. Oh, my darling! God will not take you away from me. Try to sleep,

shut your eyes; you need rest to compose you." She knelt down, kissed him repeatedly, and laid her face close to his on the pillow; and he tried to turn and put his emaciated arm around her neck.

"Edna, I have been a trouble to you for a long time, but you will miss me when I am gone, and you will have nothing to love. If you live long, marry Mr. Manning, and let him take care of you. Don't work so hard, dear Edna; only rest, and let him make you happy. Before I knew you I was always wishing to die; but now I hate to leave you all alone, my own dear, pale Edna."

"Oh, Felix, darling! hush! Go to sleep. You worry my heart!"

Her sobs distressed him, and, feebly patting her cheek, he said:

"Perhaps if you will sing me something low, I may go to sleep, and I want to hear your voice once more. Sing me that song about the child and the rose-bush, that Hattie likes so much."

"Not that! anything but that! It is too sad, my precious little darling."

"But I want to hear it; please, Edna."

Tears rolled over her face as she chanted the verses; and when she concluded, he repeated very faintly:

"Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies, To play with the angels in paradise!"

He nestled his lips to hers, and, after a little while, murmured:

"Good night, Edna!"

She gave him a stimulating potion, and arranged his head comfortably. Ere long his heavy breathing told her that he slept, and, stealing from his side, she sat down in a large chair near the head of his bed, and watched him.

For many months he had been failing, and they had traveled from place to place, hoping against hope that each change would certainly be beneficial.

Day and night Edna had nursed him, had devoted every thought, almost every prayer to him; and now her heart seemed centered in him. She had ceased to study aught but his comfort and happiness, had written nothing save letters to friends; and notwithstanding her anxiety concerning the cripple, the frequent change of air had surprisingly improved her own health. For six months she had begun to believe her restoration complete, though the long banished color obstinately refused to return to her face, which seemed unable to recover its rounded outline.

She knew that his life was flickering out gently but surely; and now, as she watched the pale, pinched features, her own quivered, and she clasped her hands and wept, and stifled a groan.

She had prayed so passionately and continually that he might be spared to her; but it seemed that whenever her heart-strings wrapped themselves around an idol, a jealous God tore them loose, and snatched away the dear object, and left the heart to bleed. If that boy died, how utterly desolate and lonely she would be; nothing left to care for and to cling to, nothing to claim as her own, and anoint with the tender love of her warm heart.

She had been so intensely interested in the expansion of his mind, had striven so tirelessly to stimulate his brain, and soften and purify his heart; she had been so proud of his rapid progress, and so ambitious for his future, and now the mildew of death was falling on her fond hopes. Ah! she had borne patiently many trials, but this appeared unendurable. She had set all her earthly happiness on a little thing—the life of a helpless cripple; and as she gazed through her tears at that shrunken, sorrowful face, so dear to her, it seemed hard! hard! that God denied her this one blessing. What was the praise and admiration of all the world in comparison with the loving light in that child's eyes, and the tender pressure of his lips?

The woman's mind had long been fully satisfied, and even exacting conscience, jealousy guarding its shrine, saw daily sacrifices laid thereon, and smiled approvingly upon her; but the woman's hungry heart cried out, and fought fiercely, famine-goaded, for its last vanishing morsel of human love and sympathy. Verily, these bread-riots of the heart are fearful things, and crucified consciences too often mark their track.

The little figure on the bed was so motionless that Edna crept nearer and leaned down to listen to the breathing; and her tears fell on his thick, curling hair, and upon the orange-blossoms and violets.

Standing there she threw up her clenched hands and prayed sobbingly:

"My father! spare the boy to me! I will dedicate any my life and his to thy work! I will make him a minister of the word, and he shall save precious souls. Oh! do not take him away! If not for a lifetime, at least spare him a few years! Even one more year, O my God!"

She walked to the window, rested her forehead against the stone facing, and looked out; and the wonderful witchery of the solemn night clustered in the clear heavens, and were reflected in the calm, blue pavement of the Mediterranean, where not a ripple shivered their shining images.

From some lofty campanile, in a distant section of the silent city, sounded the angelus bell; and from the deep shadow of olive, vine, and myrtle that clothed the amphitheatre of hills, the convent bells caught and echoed it.

"Nature comes sometimes, And says, 'I am ambassador for God!'"

and the splendor of the Italian night spoke to Edna's soul, as the glory of the sunset had done some years before, when she sat in the dust in the pine glades at Le Bocage; and she grew calm once more, while out of the blue depths of the starlit sea came a sacred voice, that said to her aching heart:

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

The cup was not passing away; but courage to drain it was given by Him who never calls his faithful children into the gloom of Gethsemane without having first stationed close at hand some strengthening angel.

After another hour she saw that a change was stealing over the boy's countenance, and his pulse fluttered more feebly against her cold fingers. She sprang into the next room, shook his mother, and hastened back, trying to rouse the dying child, and give him some stimulants.

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But though the large, black eyes opened when she raised his head, there was no recognition in their fixed gaze; for the soul was preparing for its final flight, and was too busy to look out of its windows.

In vain they resorted to the most powerful restoratives; he remained in the heavy stupor, with no sign of animation, save the low irregular breath, and the weak flutter of the thread-like pulse.

Mrs. Andrews wept aloud and wrung her hands, and Hattie cried passionately, as she stood at the side of her brother's bed; but there were no tears on Edna's cold, gray face. She had spent them all at the foot of God's throne; and now that He had seen fit to deny her petition, she silently looked with dry eyes at the heavy rod that smote her.

The night waned, the life with it; now and then the breathing seemed to cease, but after a few seconds a faint gasp told that the clay would not yet forego its hold on the soul that struggled to be free.

The poor mother seemed almost beside herself, as she called on her child to speak to her once more.

"Sing something, Edna; oh! perhaps he will hear! It might rouse him!"

The orphan shook her head, and dropped her face on his.

"He would not hear me; no, no! He is listening to the song of those whose golden harps ring in the New Jerusalem."

Out of the whitening east rose the new day, radiant in bridal garments, wearing a star on its pearly brow; and the sky flushed, and the sea glowed, while silvery mists rolled up from the purple mountain gorges, and rested awhile on the summits of the Apennines, and sunshine streamed over the world once more.

The first rays flashed into the room, kissing the withered flowers on the bosom of the cripple, and falling warm and bright on the cold eyelids and the pulseless temples. Edna's hand was pressed to his heart, and she knew that it had given its last weary throb; knew that Felix Andrews had crossed the sea of glass, and in the dawn of the Eternal day wore the promised morning-star, and stood in peace before the Sun of Righteousness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This serial, weaving a romance of unusual interest around Edna Earl, a young girl, whose faith in God's eternal goodness remains firm, though her heart bleeds, when she loses all dear to her, her meeting with St. Elmo, his surprise at her expressed disapproval of his bitterness and hate, the trust he imposes, the promise he exacts, all this fascinatingly told, will interest our readers, and be continued with marked strength in the August number of COMFORT. If you are not a regular subscriber, or your subscription expires soon, do not fail to send in your renewal, and also one or more new subscribers at the present 15c. yearly rate, as all old subscriptions are promptly removed on expiration. Read notice on another page. The price will soon be advanced.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

## Miscellaneous Requests

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Mattie A. Warren, formerly of Portage, Minn., please write me.

VELLA P. HALL, Golden City, R. F. D., 2, Mo. Carrie Harsell, Palmyra, R. F. D., 4, Mo., would like cast-off hair ribbons, laces, beads, etc. Favors returned if possible.

Miss Carrie A. Nunn, 818 Franklin Ave., Bay City, Mich., would like to receive the old song entitled, "The Whippoorwill is Calling."

Will some of the sisters kindly send me patterns of drawnwork and beadwork; will return favor.

Mrs. REBECCA TALLMAN, Paso Robles, California.

Can anyone send me a pattern of the Old Homestead Quilt block and also recipe for Railroad Yeast?

Mrs. JOSEPH CRONIN, Lake City, Minn.

I would like to hear from some sister who has Peterson's Magazine for the year 1874-5, or before that time; will return favors.

Mrs. INDIA W. LUNSFORD, Box 18, Lexington, R. F. D., 1, Miss.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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# The Great Chicago Mystery

or,

## The Man With Many Aliases

By Rosser W. Cobbe

Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

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### CHAPTER XVI. (CONTINUED.)

THE brave young fellow had battled against fearful odds. He had unloaded the revolver before they had started so he knew that Hollis could not shoot him, but he knew the crook was struggling to draw a knife, and so he was obliged to be constantly on the defensive.

At last with a terrible oath, the crook managed to wrest himself free, and throwing the whole weight of his body against Peter, threw him to the floor, then with a leap that was astounding, he went through the door and into the street, closely followed by Crit.

Ralph felt that Crit was capable of taking care of Hollis, and so he bent over Peter. For an instant the boy was stunned, then he leaped to his feet, looking wildly about.

"Is he gone?" the lad asked, his lips quivering.

"Crit went right after him," Ralph said consolingly.

Peter looked as though he had been detected in the commission of a crime, although he knew he had done all that was possible, and slowly turned toward the handcuffed prisoners.

"The other fellow, Ferris is not here, he is over on State street," giving the number of the hotel in which he was incarcerated, and upon the request of the chief, Peter took a couple of officers with him and went after the crook. It was not difficult to induce the clerk to open the door with his duplicate key, for he was terrified at the sight of the officers, and when they entered the room, they found Ferris sleeping, his face red, his breathing stentorian, his appearance repulsive.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the clerk.

"Nothing but a little morphine," Peter said abruptly, snapping on the handcuffs.

When he returned with his prisoner, he found a wagon before the door, filled with officers and the two crooks who had been captured. To them Ferris was added, and then the chief said slowly:

"This has been wonderful work, but I am sorry 'Four-time' escaped."

"Oh, he hasn't," Ralph said cheerfully. "Mr. Truman was at his heels, and he won't come back without his man."

"Sure?"

"Absolutely sure," was Ralph's quick reply.

"He may escape."

"Not this time," and the chief shaking his head in admiration felt that there was not much chance for the crook, although he realized what a desperate man he was.

"Better guard these men pretty well," Ralph advised, and the chief said savagely:

"Don't fear. We've had just about as much as we can stand from these men. I can't see though how it is that my men never came within smelling distance of them, and Mr. Truman routed them at once. Wonderful man that!" and as the chief left them, Ralph and Peter agreed to his statement, but they wished with all their hearts they knew where Crit was and how he was faring.

"It isn't as though he knew the town," Peter grumbled.

"Crit knows every town he gets into by instinct," Ralph said reassuringly.

"I hope so, but I'd like to be by his side," Peter said remorsefully.

"Wouldn't I?" Ralph returned sharply, as they entered their headquarters.

### CHAPTER XVII.

A RACE FOR A HUMAN LIFE.

The Man with Many Aliases darted away into the night.

Crit followed, his quick ear distinguishing the footsteps of the crook from those of the other passerby. Not every man, even along Twenty-second street, had worn irons and learned to walk lock step. Hollis had done both, and to an experienced man like Crit, these facts were plainly distinguishing marks.

The man ran as though on a mile track, dodging, using all the feints his long criminal life had taught him, but in vain. On his track was one who was relentless as a bloodhound; as faithful as one of those animals and as hard to deceive.

The pace was telling upon the crook, and on Crit as well, for although the detective was usually good for almost any length of time, he had passed through so much since he had stepped from the Pullman that morning, that any other man would have been exhausted, without further effort.

At last, panting like some wild animal, Hollis darted into a little cellarway, down a pair of rotten stairs, and Crit, never pausing, followed him.

As Crit entered the room, a door just swinging to showed the direction he had taken. Crit passed through it into one of those opium dens so numerous on South Clark street. Hollis looked back, and seeing Crit, made a spring forward. The two men collided, Crit gave a stinging blow, and received one, and both men let go their holds, the next minute Hollis dashed again into the street, with Crit a close second.

The proprietor of the opium den gazed after them, then shaking his head, picked up a handkerchief Crit had dropped as well as a roll of bills lost by the crook, and with a smile on his stolid face, resumed his work of sorting laundry in front.

People turned and stared after the two men, but no one interfered. The district was too unsavory for anyone to care to get between two desperate men. No one seeing the two could doubt that.

The Wentworth avenue cars clanged by, and some of the passengers saw two men, both bareheaded dash along, and wondered, and forgot. Such strange things happen on South Clark street.

Suddenly, Hollis grabbed a passing car, and stumbled on it. He was half a dozen rods ahead of Crit. The latter saw his man thus escaping, and gathering all his strength darted ahead, took a flying leap, and landed on the platform gear, from which he leaped to the platform.

Hollis, who had dropped, utterly spent, into a seat, saw him. He did not stop to ask his intentions, but bolted through the car, and leaped off the platform, out into the night, closely followed by Crit, and the two men were swallowed up in the surrounding darkness, for lamp posts were few and dimly burning.

While this exciting chase was going on, Percy Mandeville was vainly endeavoring to explain to the young man who had been found in the room that it was that he the Ghetto, to which Peter had directed the chief and his men.

The young man who had once enjoyed the confidence of his employers, and been a welcome addition to many brilliant social events, had at last to confess that he was guilty of many thefts, and was held by the chief, pending the arrival of the proper officer with necessary papers.

"If the Trumans would only stay here a short time longer," the chief thought to himself, "Chicago would be the Garden Spot of the World. They'd sweep it clean of every crook;

but then New York isn't swept clean, and they live there," and this consoled him a little.

No, the Trumans cannot purge any place of criminals, but they do their part, that is certain.

Sylvia Lyster was taken from the terrible place in which she had been lodged by Hollis, and restored to Mrs. Haddam, by whom she was guarded until once again she was in her father's arms, and by him told the true story of her birth. After she knew that she was really Sylvia Lyster, she was very glad to turn to the man who loved her, and of whom she had thought so long and tenderly, while in captivity.

In the meanwhile Ralph and Peter waited and agonized. Ralph whiled away some of the time by making a careful report of the case in his notebook, but Peter could not keep quiet. At last he said hastily:

"Ralph, let's go out on a still hunt."

"Crit may turn up," Ralph objected.

"We can't leave a note for him," Peter declared, and at last Ralph assented, for he was very uneasy. They both knew how exhausted Crit was with his terrible experiences, and feared for him.

"I know that guy's strength," Peter said ruefully. There was a lump on the back of his head as large as a small egg, which was very painful.

They had no idea where to search, but they kept a sharp lookout for signs. Suddenly Ralph gave a cry, and pointed to a building was a small mark. The detective recognized it.

After that, here and there they found one of these marks, very far apart and badly made when seen, as though by one in passing.

"Crit's been running," Ralph said decidedly, and Peter nodded sagely.

Their pursuit led them into strange places. They searched the opium den, thoroughly searching the proprietor out of his wits, for he was afraid that they had come after the bills and handkerchief.

When he found it was two men they were after, he actually became communicative, and nodded vigorously when Ralph asked:

"Did you see two men tonight chasing each other?"

"Where are they?" was the next question.

"Me no know,"

"You do, too," Peter cried threateningly.

"No no, me no know," the fellow repeated.

"Where did they go?" Ralph asked, having convinced himself that neither Crit nor Hollis were there.

"Me no know. Man lun in. Nother man lun in. Two man fighte. Two man lun out. Me no know more," and from this the two detectives could not induce him to budge.

"Intelligent," Peter grumbled, but Ralph said nothing.

Just after they left the den, they came across another mark, and following this still another. For some time they lost the trail, and hunted about in dismay.

When Crit bounded from the moving car after the man he was chasing, a singular thing happened. As the car was moving, he had been carried ahead of the crook. In order to counteract this, Crit leaped backward, but Hollis was prepared for that, and was waiting for Crit as he landed, striking him before his feet struck the ground.

Then followed one of the most terrible fights Crit ever had. The two men were pretty evenly matched, just then, owing to the effect of the long confinement in the Turkish bathhouse, which had robbed Crit of some of his wonderful strength. The two strained and swayed, neither gaining any advantage. Panting, spent with the long chase, they clutched each other and struggled for the mastery. How long this lasted neither knew, but at last Crit broke loose and started for Hollis once more. The latter with a cry like a wild animal started to run once more, his time heading toward Twelfth street, then abruptly turning west and dashing along to La Salle street.

As he ran, Crit turned his ankle, and realized with dismay that he could not keep up the terrible pace he had for so long.

He set his teeth, however, and forged on, although suffering intensely.

In front of these suddenly loomed the skeleton of a fireproof building. The great iron framework was standing, awaiting its covering of brick and stone. In front the outside wall had been built, and the night shift were busily engaged in filling up the space between it and the girders with fire bricks. There was the roar of machinery, the shouts of the foremen, the murmur of the men, while lights flared upward, making the whole place as light as day.

Against this background, the figures of the two men were thrown as on a sheet, and two anxious young detectives saw them, and hurried forward.

"At last," Ralph whispered.

"Of course," Peter said defiantly, although but a moment before he had been almost ready to despair, so discouraged was he.

Hollis glanced about him like a baited animal. Before his eyes was his fate, death in "the chair" if he did not escape.

"What is this man, I wonder, that he cannot be killed," he thought to himself, "with every muscle strained, his flesh bruised, and bleeding, he saw this enormous structure before him."

The freight elevator used to carry the bricks to the top of the wall had just been loaded, and the signal given to hoist.

Hollis, The Man with Many Aliases, gave one mad look behind. Close at hand was his terrible foe. There was one last, desperate chance left, and he took it. As the elevator rose, he leaped upon the brick, falling flat on his face as he did so, and a sensation of peace came over him, for he thought he had escaped.

This was another time when he counted without Crit Truman. When he saw his man leap upon the elevator, Crit prepared to leap too, but he knew he could not reach the floor of the elevator, while the men stopped their work to gaze in wonderment at the marvelous feat. On and on went the elevator for an eternity, so it seemed to the man hanging by his fingers to a narrow edge.

All unconscious, Hollis was regaining his breath, for he knew he would have hard work behind him. He had expected a shot, but when one failed to come, he decided that Crit had not been armed. Little did he know that his pursuer was within a foot of him.

Slowly the elevator stopped, and the instant it did so, Hollis stepped off, and jumped across to the nearest beam. As he did so, there was a sudden click, he had heard before, and he felt the steel of a handcuff snap about his wrist.

It all happened so suddenly that neither man could have told exactly how it did happen. Crit snapped the handcuff after Hollis jumped, that was evident. In his determination to secure his prisoner, he had not waited to secure his own safety, for the other handcuff was about his own wrist. When Hollis made his leap, Crit was dragged with him. Hollis fell back, and to those looking on, it seemed as though both men were doomed to a tragic death. However, Crit had been too well trained in all kinds of athletics not to be complete master of himself. As he was jerked forward, he prepared to catch himself, and did so, but was dragged down by the weight of the man fastened to his wrist.

Although he had boasted that he would not be taken alive, now that he was face to death,

Hollis showed the yellow streak and screamed like a woman.

"Stop kicking, and I will try and save us both," Crit said grimly, knowing that now, if never before, was the time to exert that marvelous strength of his.

When the elevator had reached the top of the wall, the other side had gone down, and before it reached the ground, Ralph and Peter sprang on it, crying:

"Hoist us, quick!"

As Crit hung there in his perilous position, their heads just showed above the wall, and they were frantically beseeching the man operating the elevators to hurry.

Concentrating all of his strength and his mind upon his task Crit Truman performed his most wonderful feat, for through sheer muscular strength, he slowly, yet steadily muscled out the dangling man, and with that arm held rigid, drew himself upward.

The work had all stopped, and the men were gazing breathless on what was the most wonderful thing they had ever witnessed.

With his muscles standing out like great cables, Crit held his arm steady, and drew himself up, until, wonderful as this may seem, he was able to sit upon the broad cross beam, and just at that moment, a pair of strong hands supported him, while another pair relieved his arm of its awful strain. Crit smiled as he looked into the faces of his assistants, then he said:

"No, don't unlock those bracelets. Hollis has fainted, but I want to keep him close to me until I deliver him to the proper authorities."

Jim Hollis, The Man with Many Aliases has paid his debt to society, and Crit no longer feels any effect of the terrible strain he placed upon himself, but the chief of police still faces many problems in his effort to clear out the Levee, and drive from his city the many criminals which congregate in the notorious districts of that metropolis.

### EPILOGUE.

"And you could think, darling, that my love would be influenced by any such trifling thing?" cried a manly voice, as a pair of strong arms closed about Sylvia Lyster.

"The terrible, bitter shame!" Sylvia sobbed, her head lying against his bosom.

"My precious little one! It is terrible, but all is over now," and Custer Quex pressed his lips to those of the woman he loved so tenderly.

"Yes, all over, and yet I cannot help remembering," and she shuddered.

"Marry me, sweetheart, right away, and I'll try and drive all recollections from your dear heart," came the tender whisper, and blushing divinely, Sylvia consented.

As she sat, her lover's arm about her, planning a happy future, she suddenly cried:

"But Custer, we mustn't forget Kathie," and he replied with a tender kiss:

"No, sweetheart, we will not forget Kathie or anyone whom you love."

### THE END.

### Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

lover and his situation, Mehitable clasped her hands, and feeling that the words would be excused in her surprise, exclaimed, "Dear, dear Mr. Clarke, how came you so cruelly tied?"

"It was that rascally Indian," said the lawyer suddenly.

"Is the Indian here?" asked Mehitable, showing a disposition to fly. "I don't dare to stay. I shall be carried off and made to marry one of the copper-colored wretches. Oh, oh, I know I shall."

"I don't think you need be alarmed on that score," said Clarke, a little dryly. "Besides there are none near. It was only one that overpowered me, and he would not have succeeded if he had not taken me unexpectedly. It was the rascal who goes by the name of Indian John."

"I'd like to tear his eyes out," said Mehitable, with proper indignation.

"You had better untie these cords," said the lawyer, not appreciating her warm advocacy of his cause.

Mehitable stooped down, and with the coy look of a young girl essayed to unloose the fastenings. But on a sudden, when she had about half completed her task, she stopped short, and looked utterly bashful.

"What's the matter? Can't you untie it?" asked Clarke.

"It wasn't that," said Mehitable.

"What was it, then? I wish you'd be kind enough to make haste, for it is rather painful, feeling the strain of these cords."

"I—I was thinking that we are alone," said Mehitable, bashfully.

"And suppose we are—what then?" inquired Clarke, in great surprise.

"I was thinking that if I untied you—you might go and—and—being a great deal stronger than I am—might go and kiss me, and I couldn't help myself."

"Can anything exceed the folly of this ridiculous old maid?" thought Clarke, impatiently. "I must even humor her folly."

"But I promise you on my honor," he said emphatically, "that you have nothing to fear from me."

Mehitable would have been better pleased with some gallant demonstration, but was determined not to yield the point yet.

"And you'll excuse me for calling you dear Mr. Clarke?" she said, veiling her face with her handkerchief.

"I didn't hear you call me so."

"But I did," said Mehitable candidly. "It was in the surprise of first beholding you in this distressed condition that I addressed you in that manner—you won't take advantage of it, will you, Mr. Clarke?"

The lawyer assured her very emphatically that she had nothing whatever to fear from him, and urged her to complete the work of his deliverance.

This she at length did, but while doing so favored him with some reminiscences of the lover whom she had rejected, and who in consequence, as she darkly intimated, had found existence too grievous a burden to bear.

"Then why didn't you marry him?" asked Clarke, bluntly.

"Because I could not give him the trusting affections of my young and unsophisticated heart," said Mehitable sentimentally. "I have since seen one—who I think I might learn to love."

"Indeed, who is it?"

"Do not ask me, Mr. Clarke. It is a secret which I can never speak to the ear of anyone—least of all to you."

"And why not to me?" demanded the lawyer.

"Because—oh, Mr. Clarke, do not ask me any more questions, for I might reveal the state of my heart, and indeed I must not."

"Zounds, if I don't believe she's in love with me," said Clarke to himself. "In that case I certainly won't press the old girl to make what might prove to be rather an awkward revelation."

"Won't you come to the house?" asked Mehitable.

"Thank you," said Clarke. "I shall not trouble to do so just now. I must follow on the track of the confounded Indian who has served me such a miserable trick."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Mehitable, clasping her hands. "For my sake, don't! He will kill and scalp you, and I—we all should miss you so much."

"Thank you," said Clarke, slightly smiling, "but I apprehend no danger—I shall now be on my guard. I am much obliged to you for acting as my deliverer, and must now bid you good morning."

"I wonder if he loves me!" thought the spinster. "What a beautiful man he is! I don't know but it is my duty to marry him if he asks me. If I can see that it is my duty, I will submit without a murmur."

Meanwhile Dick Clarke searched until he found the pocketbook lying in the path. There were no papers to be seen, Jerry having carried away the whole.

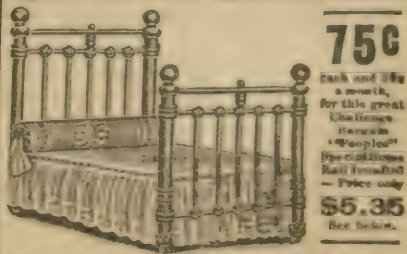
"The Indian has undoubtedly destroyed them," thought Clarke. "In that case, matters are not so bad as they might be."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This story, full of exciting incidents, of a boy, young in years, yet mature in judgment, will hold the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of older years. If not a subscriber send 16 cents before the price advances. Read the next chapter, "Mabel and Her Father," thereby keeping the thread of the story without a break.

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## Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

**J**UNE has gone, my dears, and July is with us. June wasn't altogether the month of roses, but I guess none of you froze to death. But the summer is with us, and whether cold or warm, it is the sunny time of the year, and we must shine with the sun and not let the frost get into our systems and chill the good that is in us. I hope those of you who can go away for the summer will have a lovely time, and that those who have to stay will not be very unhappy. Just now here is work to do, though, and I mustn't be talking to you, even though it is to wish you every blessing.

The first letter I open is from Worried Heart, Scribner, Neb., and she asks the old question of what to do to make the man care for her who does not care. Isn't it strange that girls never will learn that such efforts are useless? Love goes where it listeth, and no earthly power can make it go elsewhere. If he doesn't care for you, dear, he cannot, and you might as well find someone who can. There is no other way, and you waste time looking for one. You blush when his name is spoken because you are in love with him. Why should you let yourself be, when he doesn't want you?

Orange Blooms, Greenville, Ala.—Marry the man who loves you and wants you to be his wife. Why do you want to be so silly as to wait for the man who doesn't love you to see if he won't by and by? Really, you don't deserve as good a man as the one who wants to marry you.

Scarlet Rose, Medaryville, Ind.—Seeing that the young man to whom you were engaged went off and married another girl without a word to you about it, perhaps the best thing you could do with his presents and his letters would be to send them to the lady who is now his wife. This isn't quite the Christian way, but some men don't deserve Christian treatment.

Blue-eyed Bertha, Mission City, Tex.—It is all right to write to "good old Tom" and straighten out any misunderstanding which may exist through some fault of yours. Silly girls don't settle their difficulties that way, but sweet and sensible ones do. And ask him to spend the day of your birthday with you, too. If he's all right, he'll do it.

Blue-eyed Belle, Lucien, Miss.—The first thing a girl of fifteen should do with reference to the young man is to obey her parents. Any young man who attempts to persuade her otherwise does not care what harm happens to her.

Perplexed, Portage, O.—By all means advise your friend against the young man who treated you so meanly. He is dishonorable in his conduct and he lies to the girls to whom he is attentive. Maybe she won't believe you—girls are queer that way sometimes—but tell her anyhow. (2) Better wait two years instead of two months before permitting your friend's discarded sweetheart to make love to you. He would drop you in a minute at a sign from the old one. Would you like that? Reconcile them if you can. (3) If you think it is quite the proper thing to kiss the young man good night, go ahead. And, as it is the proper thing, why not tell everybody that you kiss him? Surely one should not be ashamed to tell of the proper things one does.

Puzzled Beauty, Farwell, Minn.—The engagement ring is given by the man to the maid, though there is no law against her giving him one if she wants to. Do as you please, but it isn't the custom.

Blue Eyes, Farrier, Okla.—As you talked to the young man at the house of a friend, though you were not introduced, it would be quite proper to speak to him afterwards. At the same time, you need not unless you wished, and he has no right to be offended if you do not. But such formality is disagreeable. (2) Indeed, my dear, I don't know how a young man acts towards a young lady if he wishes to keep company with her. They all act so different. But it is very plain to the lady unless she is stupid, which you are not, I am sure, from your letter.

Ky. Maid, Denton, Ky.—Yes, I do think it wrong for second cousins to marry. Go out of the family to marry. (2) A paid companion may have various duties, depending entirely upon what her employer wishes her to do.

Sad Sweetheart, Marion, Ind.—He couldn't have loved you very passionately or he would have sent you a Christmas present when you had sent him one. (2) Jealousy is no sign of love. Not ugly jealousy, anyway. Better have no sweetheart than have one who is meanly jealous. (3) Kissing games are vulgar, and never seen in good society.

Three Sisters, Virgilina, Va.—She may visit the young man's home as the guest of his parents, or sisters, even though no young people are in the house. (2) Don't have a sweetheart who is jealous of his brother. That is a little too mean for anything. (3) The best way for a girl to attract the attention of men is not to try to.

Blue Eyes, Brinkerhoff, N. Y.—For goodness' sake don't part with a nice man like he is, just because your parents want you to. Wait until you are twenty-one and marry him. You'll be the better for the waiting and so will your parents, and everybody will be happy.

Brownie, Blackburn, Ark.—Break the engagement and tell him why, because you will be as cowardly as he is if you do not. You cannot marry him feeling as you do, and you can't lie to him, can you? Have a talk with his mother.

N. T. Argentine, Kans.—As you were at fault in the beginning it is your place to make the first move towards a settlement. You were only careless, and he should forgive you.

Mabel, Canton, O.—Of course he cares for you. Why should he "seek you farther"? He has shown signs enough, now you show one by asking him to call on you and be as nice to him as you can without over-doing it. Why shouldn't you visit his sister? My, Mabel, but you are young in such matters.

Sad Girl, Spokane, Wash.—Ask your mother. A fifteen-year-old girl's best friend is her mother, or ought to be.

Anxious Jane, Ferndale, Tenn.—Treat him only as a friend, and if you see any other man who interests you accept his attention. This man evidently doesn't care to be more than a friendly. As he has not shown any desire to be other than that, don't you.

Troubled Cousin, Noble, Ill.—If he will agree to kiss you not often than once a week, you might yield much to this great love you have for him. But make him promise solemnly, and then see how quick he will break his promise after you have let him kiss you once. Go on, it's you he is kissing, not me.

Cheyenne, Paxton, Neb.—How could he care for you and pay all his attention to the other

girl whenever she was around? (2) You wear an engagement ring as long as the engagement lasts, however long that may be.

Troubled Heart, Mason, Tex.—You cannot win him. Read other answers in this column to others troubled as you are. Why, oh, why, do so many girls want the impossible?

Troubled Brown Eyes, Marshallfield, Mo.—When you don't know which of two men you ought to marry, you ought not to marry either. Better wait till you see if the astrologer wasn't right. (2) Thank him and tell him pleasantly yes or no, when he asks you to go anywhere with him. The latest manner is the same as the old one. (3) Ask him to call again. Don't wait for him to ask if he may. Your beau ought to come back without asking.

Blue-eyed Minnie, Albany, Ill.—I hardly think he could love you more than his life, and stop calling on you as soon as you had promised to be his wife. Something is wrong with him, and you should drop him, unless he can explain.

Anxious Darling, Farmington, Mo.—If he makes love to you and goes with another girl, it is time for you to send back his letters and presents and go with somebody else. No kissing until you are engaged.

Anxious Girl, Cloverport, Ky.—Don't wait till he has gone too far if you do not intend to accept him. It is not fair to either of you, and I do not think you are inclined to be a flirt. As you are older than he is you should add that to the other excuse that you do not love him. At his age, he will outgrow the shock. If you love him, marry him.

P. E. W., Lascassas, Tenn.—Give him up. You are not suited to each other at all. (2) Yes, you may give small presents to your men friends. (3) Well, I am not sure, but perhaps you might kiss your sweetheart good by, when he is going away for a year, even though you are not engaged.

Rosa, Bevier, Mo.—You can't get him back if he doesn't want to come. (2) No. (3) Ask a caller to call again if you want him to call. And don't if you don't.

Anxious Girl, Seaside, Ga.—As he has proposed once, it seems to me that you could easily tell him that your feelings have changed and he should try again. Talk to him gently on the subject and see what he has to say.

Little Rose, Starkville, Miss.—As it was not your fault at all, and he is to blame if anyone is, pay no more attention to the matter, or to him. Be polite to him and no more.

Blue-eyed Marie, Seaton, Ill.—Wait until he comes to see you. If he loves you still, he will tell you so and ask you the question you are waiting for. But he never will ask it, if you try to coax him to do so. Some men are very bashful about writing what they think. (2) Don't write with a pencil.

There, dears, your questions are answered, and let us all hope they are answers that will do the very greatest good. I even like to scold you when I think it will make better girls of you, and better women, by and by. Now may the good Lord watch over us all till we meet again. By, by, COUSIN MARION.

## The Shadow of a Cross A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

broken up on her, and I don't approve of it in the least. I had the scare of my life for fear I should lose her last summer. A famous prima donna spent the summer here recuperating. She heard Theta sing in the choir and went wild over her voice, said her lower notes were the sweetest she had ever heard, and tried every means of persuasion to induce Theta to study for an operatic career. To my relief Theta told her she was happy where she was, and that she had no craving for ambition's sake. The singer gave up at last and admitted it would be best for the little wild rose to remain in its woodland setting, that if transplanted to a hothouse it might lose its sweetness. I like the wild rose best. It is not so perfect in form and its perfume is not so intense, but it blooms on the desert's plain where the hothouse blossom would wither and die. The wild rose has all the strength of the wilderness. Am I a selfish old woman, I dabble, to want to keep all its sweetness for myself? At least I don't want it transplanted to any doctor's office. Maggie is bringing in the popcorn, so refreshments are in order, and I will bring my letter to a close. Write by return post and let us know about the baby.

"With love and best wishes, your mother," "ELLEN WARFIELD."

As Gene reached the closing portion of the letter a keen pang shot through his heart. He had never thought of Theta as being anything but faithful to himself—a man always likes to fancy a woman as cherishing his memory—it was a rude shock to him that others should consider her in the light in which he had once looked upon her.

"Could it have been only a hallucination conjured up by my fevered brain—my seeing her there in the waters at Niagara?" he thought. "So she would not study for a musical career—she cares nothing for ambition. Ah! little girl, you were wiser than I. O God—see what my insatiable ambition has brought to me! At home, they are happy—mother, Uncle John, Theta—they do not miss me—but I—I am desolate." A mist came over his eyes. The child stirred and wailed out its incessant cry:

"Mamma, mamma!"

Gene laid his little face to his.

"No, darling, you have no mamma—you have no one but daddy. Don't leave him precious, for in all the world he has no one but you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lower pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "The Awakening." Send 15 cents for a year's subscription, and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

### Miscellaneous Requests

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

Can any sister send me the words to "Sweet Marie," also to a song, "Tell Them That You Saw Me Peeking Through the Door," and "Break Mrs. H. S. FAIR, Clarks Corner, Conn. the News to Mother."

Mrs. W. H. Harden. Will you kindly send me your address, as I have lost it. I should also like to hear from other sisters and receive cross-stitch and crochet patterns.

Mrs. L. H. COMBS, Hamilton, Ore.

I am a flower lover and would be pleased to receive seeds, bulbs, or cuttings, also reading matter; will try to return favors.

Miss JOHNNIE GAULT, Copperas Cove, Texas.

Will someone kindly send me the song con-

taining these words: "When the harvest moon is shining on the river," I will pay postage and return favor if possible.

Miss RACHEL JONES, Cherry Creek, Oneida Co., Idaho.

Can any of the sisters send me any of these four books, "Her Only Son," "Dora Thorne," "Wedded and Parted," "Mildred; or, the Child of Adoption," also pieces of ribbon, silk, satin and velvet for crazy-work. I will return postage and return favor in some way.

MARY E. RADDE, Ashley, Okla.

To anyone who will be kind enough to send me choice plants, seeds or hardy bulbs, I will return favor and postage.

ESTELLA DAWSON, 524 Roselawn Ave., Portland, Ore.

Will some of the sisters kindly send me patterns of Hardanger embroidery, recipes how to make salt-rising bread, also give letter party, Aug. 1. Mrs. E. C. SONNE, Paso Robles, Cal.

"Can any of you send me the song entitled 'Riding on the Top of an Omnibus,' also the song containing these words, 'Those were the lips I first tenderly kissed,' they were both favorite songs of my husband, who is dead. I will return the favor in some way."

MRS. CLARENCE HARVEY, care of H. A. Harvey, East Las Vegas, New Mex.

Miss Lucy Ballew, Rushville, Ill., wishes to make a COMFORT album, and requests photographs of any of its readers. Send name and address on back of photographs.

### Requests from Shut-ins

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

My father died when I was nine years old, leaving my mother with five small children besides myself, and all younger. When I was thirteen years old I was taken sick, and have not had a well day since. I am now twenty, but so drawn out of shape I am almost entirely helpless, but can use my arms and hands a little. I would like to receive letters, cards, stamps or anything to help pass the time.

HENRY COE, Elton, Ga.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a shut-in for over a year and only God knows how I have suffered. I have an exophthalmic goitre, and also heart and nervous troubles.

The doctor considers my goitre incurable, but maybe some sister may know of something which might give me relief.

Those suffering with gallstones try taking a small winged glass of olive oil twice a day.

I would appreciate any kind of flower seeds as I would like to have a COMFORT flower bed. I hope to hear from some of the sisters soon.

Miss PEARL BENKE, 1204 Delmonte Ave., Summit Park, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. S. J. Eckels South Solon, R. F. D. 1, Ohio, a deaf invalid who has recently broken an arm, is in need of help and cheer, letters, or in fact anything useful thankfully received.

Miss Doshia Hundley, Fayetteville, W. Va., a rheumatic sufferer for nine years since she was a child of six, would be pleased to be remembered in any way and would also like a letter party, Aug. 17. Young people please write.

Mrs. Sarah Nichols, Lewisville, R. F. D. 3, Tex., a shut-in for the past ten years, asks to be remembered with letters, reading matter, pieces for patchwork, bulbs or anything useful.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column, but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

W. L. B.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of your wife, leaving no will, her estate, both real and personal, would descend in equal parts to her children, or their descendants, except that you would be entitled to a child's share in her personal property. If she held the property you mentioned as trustee for you and was not its real owner, we think the only way for you to get title to the property, such an action would be quite expensive and might prove troublesome for you to substantiate in case any of your children should contest your right to the property. If you only desire it, as you state, to see that all of your children share equally, we fail to see the necessity of such an action, as you yourself are the only sufferer under the present conditions, but if there is danger that any of your children might try to make trouble for you in connection with the property, you should prosecute your action at once.

Mrs. A. C. E.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of your father, leaving no will, the homestead property would become the absolute property of his widow and children, one half in value to the widow and the other half to the children. We think, however, that before dividing his property you should ascertain to a certainty that he is dead. After you have obtained positive proof of this the can proceed to sell the property, all the heirs joining with her in the deed.

J. L.—We are of the opinion, that a license is not necessary for you to sell the article you mention, in the manner you state.

Mrs. G. R.—Under the laws of the State you mention we are of the opinion, that the property both real and personal of an intestate (person leaving no will) descends and is distributed as follows:—(1) to the children and their descendants equally, the children of a deceased child or grandchild taking the share of their parents in equal shares; (2) where there is no child, nor descendant of a child, and no widow or surviving husband, then to the parents, brothers and sisters and their descendants equally, when only one parent, he or she takes a double portion; and if there is no parent living, then to the brothers and sisters and their descendants; (3) when there is a widow or surviving husband, and no child or descendant of a child, one half of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate goes to the widow or surviving husband absolutely, and the other half of the real estate descends as in other cases where there are no children or descendants of children; (4) where there is a widow or surviving husband, and also a child or descendant of a child, the widow or surviving husband receives one third of the personal estate absolutely; (5) if there is no child or descendant of a child, and no parent, brother, or sister, or descendant of a parent, brother or sister and no widow or surviving husband, the estate descends in equal parts to the next of kin in equal degree, there being no representative among collateral, except with descendants of brothers or sisters, and no distinction being made between kindred of the half and the whole blood; (6) in case of a widow or surviving husband, and no kindred, the whole estate goes to the widow or surviving husband; (7) if no widow, surviving husband, or kindred, the estate escheats to the county where the property or greater portion thereof is situated. We think this covers all the conditions which might arise in the case you mention.

M. E. G.—Communicate with the Bureau of free lands, Washington, D. C.

J. S.—Either there must be some error, or you in some way have failed to live up to your contract as the United States Government does not confiscate property except for just cause.

G. S.—The papers you send us show nothing except what the Company you mention represent in regard to their stock. An examination of the charter under which they operate would be necessary to show what they have power to do.

L. U. S.—We are of the opinion that a city government has power to condemn property for the purpose you mention. If your property was taken without due process of law, your remedy would be an action for damages against the City Government.

Mrs. J. O. S.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion, that if a husband by his will deprives his wife of over one half of his property, she shall be allowed either to accept the conditions of the will or one half of the property, as she sees fit.

P. W.—We are of the opinion that, although under the laws of the State from which you write a seal is not absolutely essential to the validity, nevertheless one should be attached. It should be placed on the paper immediately after the signature of the testator. Such seals can be purchased at almost any stationery store. The will should be signed in your State by at least two witnesses. We think that if you are not familiar with the form and manner of execution of wills you would do well to have a lawyer draw and attend to the execution of your will, as it is rather technical work and you cannot be too careful in avoiding mistakes.

W. H. G.—We think you should write to the Superintendent of Insurance of the State in which your policies were written. If you have fully complied with all the terms of your policy, and your loss was such a one as was covered by your insurance, we see no reason why you cannot enforce its payment. If you are unable to do so, the company is solvent and you have not in any way waived the payment of your claim. We have no knowledge of the financial condition of the Company you mention.

W. R. B.—While, in our opinion, the law is not very well settled in the State you mention, in regard to the question you submit, we think you might be enjoined from committing the act you propose, sued for damages, or proceeded against in some manner.

M. E. L.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws of the State from which you write, (1) if your mother died without leaving a will her real estate descended in equal shares to her children, subject, however, to the right of your father to dower of an estate for life in one third of all her real estate; that if the advances he made to your mother with which to her he has no claim for the money, but that if he did not make her a present of the money, his reimbursement should come by way of a claim against her estate; (2) the source from which he derived his income makes no difference; (3) that you can take that at your age your father could not be held for your physician's bill unless he contracted for the services or agreed to pay for them.

G. F.—We are of the opinion, that the policy you mention will be payable at maturity to the beneficiary as named therein, unless changed or assigned before maturity, in which event it will be paid as provided for by such change or assignment. The beneficiary as named in your statement to us seems to be very plain and we fail to see why you cannot understand it. You might communicate with the Company for information in regard to any changes.

M. T.—We do not think that, under the circumstances you mention, you can compel your father to support and educate you without giving yourself up to his custody; in the event of your doing this and if you are unable to support and educate yourself, you might be able to compel him to provide for you in a manner suitable to his means and station in life.

Miss M. S.—Under the laws of the State you mention,

we are of the opinion, that a wife may receive and use her own earnings free from the interference of her husband or his creditors, but that neither husband nor wife can recover compensation for any labor performed or any services rendered for the other; and that, if the property you mention belonged to the wife, she is entitled to the proceeds of the sale, but that if it was her husband's property, she is not entitled to any compensation for services rendered in regard to the same. (2) We think that a husband who (in your State) abandons or neglects to support his wife, without cause, is guilty of a misdemeanor and may be punished by fine or imprisonment, or both.

B. F. W., Jr.—You should make your complaint to the United States postal authorities at Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. A. S.—We are of the opinion, that if your husband and his brother owe a debt to the man you mention and the debt is now due, the claimant can sue them and get judgment against them and enforce its payment from whatever property they may own. If the debt you mention is in its nature a mortgage upon the property, the holder of the mortgage can foreclose and have the property sold under foreclosure and your husband and his brother would lose the money they have expended in putting improvements on the land, unless it brought more than enough to satisfy the mortgage and the expenses of foreclosure, in which event they would be entitled to the surplus money.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

### Letters of Thanks

DEAR SISTERS AND FRIENDS:

I was very kindly remembered by my many pen friends whom I have never seen, yet learned to love, and my dear friends, if you do not hear from me as often as you would like to, it is because I am unable to write long letters often, much as I love to hear from you all.

Let us strive to scatter a little sunshine each day, and brighten the lives of those who are less fortunate than ourselves.

With best wishes to all for health and prosperity,

MRS. D. DEPU, Blissfield, Mich.

DEAR FRIENDS:

We want to express our thanks to all who have remembered our invalid child, Mildred Carpenter, and to tell you that the tokens of friendship and love to her raises a feeling of gratitude to you that words cannot express. We would like to answer each personally, but it is impossible, so we take this means of thanking all.

Mildred suffers from infantile paralysis, but is improving.

MR. AND MRS. CARPENTER, 621 Bird St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

My dear mother wishes me to thank you all for the great pleasure you have given her; she cannot answer all personally, but each favor is truly appreciated.

SARAH E. HULL, Cloud Chief, Okla.

DEAR SISTERS:

I take this method in thanking all who wrote me or sent remembrances; you will think of me on my birthday July 15, I know. May God bless one and all is the prayer of

Mrs. C. J. HAGERTY, 303 3rd Ave., West, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

DEAR READERS:

I wish to express my most heartfelt thanks to the dear editor for printing my request, and to all the dear sisters who responded. I answered all but one from Buffalo, N. Y. They gave no name.

MISS ANNA REHOR, Wilber, Neb.

### Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

#### Orange Water Ice

Take a dozen fine oranges; squeeze the juice and pour a little boiling water on pulp to extract the juice; the juice of two lemons, and the grated rind of two oranges, and one and one-half pounds of granulated sugar and a quart of water; strain and freeze. When about half frozen add the beaten whites of three eggs.

#### Lemon Water Ice

Half a pint of lemon juice, and the same of water, to which put one pint of syrup, the peel of six lemons rubbed off in sugar, strain, mix and freeze. Then mix up the whites of three eggs to a froth with a little sugar; when the ice is beginning to set work this well into it and it will be very soft and delicious.

#### Pineapple Water Ice

Pare and slice two pineapples, and cover with sugar, and let stand over night as you would for sauce, in morning crush and strain, after straining pour over pineapples a pint more water, crush and strain again, sweeten to taste as you have already sweetened some. Make after the same form as Orange or Lemon Ice, only add the whipped whites of half dozen eggs.

#### Fruit Ice Cream

Make a custard with a quart of milk, five eggs, one and a half pounds of sugar, and a quart of cream. Scald milk and pour it hot upon the yolks of the eggs and sugar; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth and stir in rest; return it to the custard kettle for a few minutes and add thickener. When cold when cold add a pint of any kind of fruit cut up very small or mashed. Bananas, peaches, pineapple or berries of any kind may be used. Put it into the freezer and pack in salt and ice as for any kind of cream. The custard may be partly frozen before putting in the fruit, and it can then be placed in a mould and packed.

#### Tutti Frutti Ice Cream

When a plain ice cream of any kind is partly frozen, crystallized fruit of any kind chopped fine may be added, having the same quantity of fruit as you have ice cream. Chopped citron, raisins, English currants, or any candied fruit may be used. Put into a mold and pack in ice and salt. It may be served with whipped cream around it.

MINNIE I. BUTON, Henderson, Ill.

#### Mustard Pickles

Take an equal quantity of small cucumbers, green tomatoes, sliced cauliflower, picked up small, small button onions. Mix together and cover with strongly salted water, a pint of coarse salt to six quarts boiling water, boiled, skimmed and cooled before using. After twenty-four hours, scald the brine and dissolve in it alum size of a nutmeg. Then pour boiling water over the pickles. When cold, drain very thoroughly, prepare enough vinegar to cover. To one quart of vinegar add one cupful brown sugar, one half cupful flour, one fourth pound ground mustard. Boil sugar and vinegar, mix flour and mustard, stir boiling vinegar into it, when smooth pour over pickles. Put small piece of horseradish in bottle to keep from molding. Melted paraffine may be poured over the top.

MRS. LYDIA L. ECKLE.

#### Lemon Beer

Slice two good-sized lemons, put with one pound of sugar; over this pour one gallon of boiling water, and when about milk warm add one third cup of yeast; let it stand over night, and it is ready for use.

L. A. BALLARD.

#### Mixed Pickles

One gallon each of green tomatoes (sliced), string beans, shelled beans, small cucumbers, one half gallon small onions, one and one half cups sugar, five cents' worth mixed spices, let cucumbers and tomatoes lie in one tea-cupful of salt over night, cook string beans fifteen minutes, shelled beans ten minutes, onions ten minutes, let vinegar spices and sugar come to a boil, add pickles etc., and just raise to a boil then seal while hot in glass cans, use dwarf lima beans



**VIM 495**

**ALLIGATOR PUNCTURE PROOF SELF-HEALING BICYCLE TIRES**

Save you trouble and money. The best tire made. Made from best quality extra tough rubber, close-woven tension fabric chemically treated, automatic solidifier, extra heavy tread, strong, durable, resilient. Accept no imitations, guarantee tag on each tire. Order at sale price. Give size tire wanted. Catalog free. Dealers everywhere. **THE VIM** 68 LAKE ST. CHICAGO, ILL. DEPT. 7-5. **\$4.95** A PAIR

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**WANTED—Young Men for Firemen and Brakemen.**

We prepare you by mail in from four to six weeks for either of the above positions. More calls recently for our competent men than we were able to supply. Positions secured as soon as competent. Rapid promotion.

Remember, this Association is directed by Railroad Officials of four of the largest roads in the United States. If you want to be a railroad man, cut out coupon and send to us at once for full particulars. Write name and address plainly. Hundreds of positions now open. Address

**NATIONAL RAILWAY TRAINING ASSOCIATION**  
OMAHA, NEB. OR KANSAS CITY, MO.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

P.O. \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

for shelled ones, any thick, fleshy podded string beans, choosing them alike young and tender. Use the smallest of onion sets.

MISS CHRISTEL ALBRIGHT, Charleston, Ill.

#### Strawberry Filling for Cake or Shortcake

Beat white of one egg very stiff, add three quarters of a cup of powdered sugar, beat again, then add half a cup of fresh strawberries bruised to a pulp, beat all together till stiff; this is delicious on a one layer sponge cake, for dessert or tea.

#### Strawberry Snow

Cook in double boiler, two cups boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one cup of sugar, when thick remove from the fire, add the juice of two cups of strawberries, beat the whites of two eggs stiff, add a very little sugar, and pour over all.

#### Old-fashioned Strawberry Shortcake

Make a good rich biscuit crust, make in jelly cake tins, while it is baking, take about half of the berries you are going to use, and cut (do not mash) them up, and add sugar, letting them stand awhile, when the cake is baked, split open (it should be about two inches thick), butter, put on a layer of the whole berries, a liberal supply of sugar, and as much butter as you can afford, then put on the other piece of crust and butter-side up, and repeat the process, using up berries for the center and a row of whole berries around the edge, sprinkle on more sugar, dot with bits of butter and set in oven a few moments for the berries to warm through. Cut the cake as you would a pie in wedge-shaped pieces.

J. A. D. (MRS. VAN DYKE.)

### Correspondents Wanted

Mr. Grover C. Honeycutt, Admar, Va. Miss Barry Neville, General Delivery, Greeley, Colo. Miss Sadie R. Salstrom, Orleans, Humboldt Co., Cal. Miss Iva King, Lexington, R. F. D., 1, Tenn., May 25, 1907. Minnie Doyle, Keefston, Ind. Ter., young people. Myrtle Viola Stephenson, 405 William St., Chattanooga, Minn., young people, July 28, or later. Mrs. Louise I. Kenneth, 420 West 8th St., Dixon, Ill., especially those surnamed Adams. Lena C. Kravik, Edinburg, N. D., young people. Mrs. Edw. Bergstresser, Topton, Pa., Aug. 7. Miss Anna Kruse, 349 E. 5th St., Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 26. Ida C. Smith, Lancaster, Wis. Thomas W. Hage, Box 78, Ravenna, R. F. D., 2, Mich., young people. Grace Santee, Reedy, R. F. D., 1, W. Va., young people. Miss N. Elizabeth Boyd, Pine Town, R. F. D., 2, N. C. Miss Viola Hiser, Petersburg, W. Va. Miss M. Mamie Beck, Melburn, Ohio, young people.

### Comfort Postal Request

#### How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost. Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free: you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who send you a postal. The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per club above.

Mrs. John Vivret, 526 Mulberry St., Beaumont, Texas. John Romberger, 44 N. Locust St., Mt. Carmel, Pa. Dan'l V. Ghare, 244 S. Chestnut St., Mt. Carmel, Pa. Miss Edna Painter, 609 West Arch St., Pottsville, Pa. Mrs. Cener Robbins, Fayetteville, Ark. Sam'l J. Elgati, Flaggan, Ill. Miss Esther McLaughlin, Forks of Salmon, Skiskiyou Co., Cal.

### Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

### BE HAPPY

Send for new plan; Mail Dime to-day. AUTO AID CO., 2, Toledo, Ohio.

### VISITING CARDS

Good quality, latest style, with name neatly printed on each card. Sent by mail for 25c. Sample for 10c. W. P. HOWE, BOSTON, MASS.

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Made quickly by smart men. P. Gem Co., 117 Nassau St., N. Y.

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ALIVE, WITH HEAD GUARANTEED. BOTTLES FREE. STROH FARM & CO., 128 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

### Ladies' make Sanitary Belts, \$15 per hundred. Stamped envelopes particular. Sanitary Co., Dept. J7, Chicago.

### Free CATALOG Millinery, Furs, Ladies' and Children's Wearing Apparel, Chicago Mail Order Co., Chicago, Ill.

### Marriage PAPER FREE, many very rich EASTERN AGENCY 64, Bridgeport, Ct.

### \$8 Paid

Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing fluid. Send 6c. stamp. A. W. SCOTT, COBURN, N. Y.

### LADY SEWERS

wanted to finish off shields at home; \$10 per 100, can make 2 an hour. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for particulars. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 29, Phila., Pa.

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Send two cent stamp with birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from the cradle to the grave. All matters of business, love, marriage and health, plainly told by the greatest Astrologer living. Patrons attended and satisfied. PROF. LEO AMZL, Dept. 31, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

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Our Booklet. It tells how to learn to play any instrument, Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, etc. Write American School of Music, 211 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

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Any Way. Instructions 10c. or Outfit 20c. Silver. Agents Wanted. BIKE REPAIR CO., Box 65, Erie, Pa.

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Large catalogue new goods free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO. Dept. C, Bath, N. Y.

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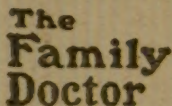
Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Postal Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very entertaining for visitors who enjoy looking over them; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

### Club Offer.

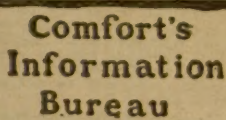
For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album.

Address COMFORT, Box 716, Augusta, Maine.





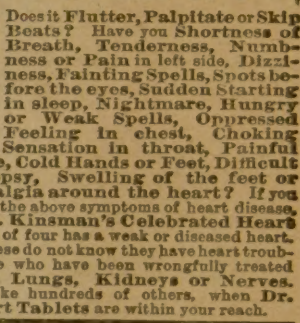
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July '07.

## Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We could suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Oklahoma Girl, Glencoe, Okla.—If it is the custom in your community to go bare-headed to church, then you may do so. Usually women go to church in hats or bonnets. (2) A girl cannot do society and school at the same time with any degree of success. Plenty of time for society after school has been finished. (3) It seems to be popular for young men to call girls by the pet name of "Kid," and the girls seem to like it—anyway as they grow older.

Triplets, Virgilina, Va.—It is generally understood when a girl is out of school—that is, has finished her school education—she is old enough for beaux, though she may be younger than seventeen. (2) We cannot tell you how the very tall boy is to take the very short girl's arm. If he can't find a way he shouldn't take her arm.

Lyla, Huntsville, Wash.—Introduce the sisters as you would introduce anybody else. In very formal introductions the eldest sister is Miss Smith, say, and the younger sisters are Miss Mary Smith, Miss Susan Smith and so on. (2) To small informal girls' parties a girl may go without a chaperon, as usually at such parties several older women look after all of them.

Golden Curl, Riverton, Ky.—This "girl friend" of yours appears to be anything but the kind of a friend a young man ought to have, as she has proved herself to be a tale-bearer and mischief-maker. Your best plan is to have no more to do with her, and let the whole matter drop.

Troubled Sixteen, Anaconda, Mont.—Don't worry about your excessive fatness—one hundred and forty pounds for a girl five feet five, is not so bad. Still, if you want to lose about ten or fifteen pounds, you might quit eating fats and sweets of all kinds, potatoes and bread, except stale. Take plenty of vigorous exercise. To remove the fatness about the eyes, massage the face, rubbing gently but thoroughly, downward and toward the ears. Do it for five minutes, every night and morning.

Gray-eyed Girl, Lakeside, Minn.—You may improve the fullness of your neck by massaging night and morning, for five minutes, rubbing upward from the chest. You cannot make your face and hands white, if you are naturally of dark complexion. You might try a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda in water every morning to clear the skin. (2) Don't use soap on a greasy nose. Cleanse it every night with the following cream: Orange flower water, and almond oil, each, four ounces; white wax, two ounces, and remove at once with a soft towel. In the morning bathe in hot water, then cold. Then use a little toilet water of any sort, to be had at any drug store.

R. L., Everett, Wash.—You may darken your eyebrows with the following: Gum arabic, four drams; India ink, seven drams; rose water, one pint. Have it prepared by your druggist, and be careful in applying it not to get too much on.

Blue-eyed Flossie, Moline, Kans.—In our opinion your "Phil" is a flirt, and he only cares for you when no other girl is in sight. You had better shake Phil, and shake him hard.

Perplexed, Alpharetta, Ga.—If you really care for the young lady whose father objects to your writing to her, why not write a polite letter to the father asking his permission to continue the correspondence? Try it, and if it fails let us know and we will advise further.

Marguerite, Elwood, Neb.—The young man has a right to carry another girl's picture when he comes to see you, unless he is engaged to you. There is no good reason, however, why he should tell you about it, nor to tell you he doesn't care for her. (2) Keep the chap's arm from around your waist. That is not the place for it, unless you are engaged. (3) It does not follow because he is attentive to you that he wants to make you his wife. Men can be, and ought to be, very polite to women without wanting to marry them. Men are sometimes useful in other ways than as husbands.

Baby Lamblar, Minneapolis, Minn.—Try Vaucaire's remedy which is as follows: Liquid extract of galega (goat's rue), ten grams; lacto phosphate of lime, ten grams; tincture of fennel, ten grams; simple syrup, four hundred grams. Dose, two spoonfuls in water before each meal. The chances are though that your figure will never be restored to what it once was. (2) See answer to "Distressed Reader" in Family Doctor column. (3) Oh, yes, when a girl really loves, she will know it, all right.

Brown Eyes, Stevenson, La.—Wait until you are twenty-one, and you will know enough not to have to ask the Etiquette editor what to do when a young man denies that he asked you to marry him. If you had known more you would not have accepted him the second time you ever met him. You are learning now what you should have learned before and we do not sympathize very greatly with you. Nor do we think your heart will be broken by this rude shock.

Blank, Brighton, S. C.—An engaged girl, with the sanction of her fiancé who resides at a distance, may accept the attentions of other men, but she must be careful that they understand

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perfectly that she is promised to another, and that they, as well as she, must respect the prior claims of the man who is not present to care for his own.

Fire-Glory, Milaca, Minn.—There is no hope of winning him unless he wants to be won. Don't fall in love with him foolishly. (2) Books and beaux will not harmonize. Wait till you are out of school. (3) Ask your father about the hand squeezing.

Blue Bell, Defiance, O.—The lady may do as she pleases about rising when introductions take place. To meet another woman, a venerable man, or distinguished person, she should rise, we think. (2) One may do as she pleases about telling a person she has met that she has been pleased by the meeting. When gracefully done it adds to the general pleasure of the occasion. Rules in such cases depend largely upon circumstances.

Sally, Vassar, Kans.—Really Sally, we are almost ashamed of you to be asking what "Skidoo" means. We thought everybody knew that it meant "23" for yours. Of course it should be used in answer to "S. W. A. K."

C. C. B., Zion City, Ill.—The lady extends her hand if she wishes to shake upon introduction, and the man waits until she does. Otherwise there is no shake. (2) You are supposed to use a table napkin gracefully and efficiently, and not as if it were a towel or a handkerchief.

Lonely, Atherton, Ohio.—Notwithstanding your ambition, your education, your good manners and business qualifications, the girls don't like you, because they instinctively size you up as lacking in the attractive quality. There are plenty more just like you. Whatever that quality is it is born in people and cannot be perfectly acquired, but it may be approximated. Suppose you select some good woman who knows you and knows you and ask her to tell you frankly what the matter is and to show you how to remedy it as far as possible. Believe exactly what she tells you about yourself and follow her instructions to the letter. First of all you need broadening, even if it rips wide open many of your cherished notions. However, ask the woman to help you.

Backwoods, Mason, Texas.—It is somewhat uncertain as to when a woman is of age. In states where she can vote she must be twenty-one; in other states where she may be considered of age when she can contract marriage without consent of her parents, the time varies from eighteen to twenty-one, except in Delaware, District of Columbia, Idaho, Maryland, New York and Tennessee, where the age is sixteen, and in California and N. Dakota, where it is fifteen. Generally speaking, she is not of age until she is twenty-one. (2) Ordinary rules of letter-writing do not apply to postal cards, at least, the present picture post cards. They may be sent by anyone to anybody at any time from any place.

Miss H. L. N., Penn's Grove, N. J.—You may remedy the dark circles under your eyes by massaging night and morning, very gently, so as not to roughen the skin. Rub deep, but easy. (2) Let the man go. He is not worth bothering your mind about.

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HIRAM GUNTHER.

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GRACE KARINER.



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